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MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 13 No. 11 60p

THE NUDEST MISS ENGLAND FINALIST

FRANKY SPEAKING:
WHY MEN PLUMP FOR CUDDLY GIRLS

BUT THIN IS IN, SAYS BELINDA

DEATH AT THE NURBURGRING:
PETER COLLINS' LAST RACE

NO KIDDING:
IT'S OUR NAUGHTIEST NANNY

HOW TO SCORE IN LUSTY LIVERPOOL

SEX MEETS SCIENCE:
MARIANNE AND HER MOBIUS STRIP

CAVALCADE OF CLASSIC VAUXHALLS

RUB-A-DUB-DUB:
IT'S THE NUDE IN THE TUB

148-PAGE ISSUE

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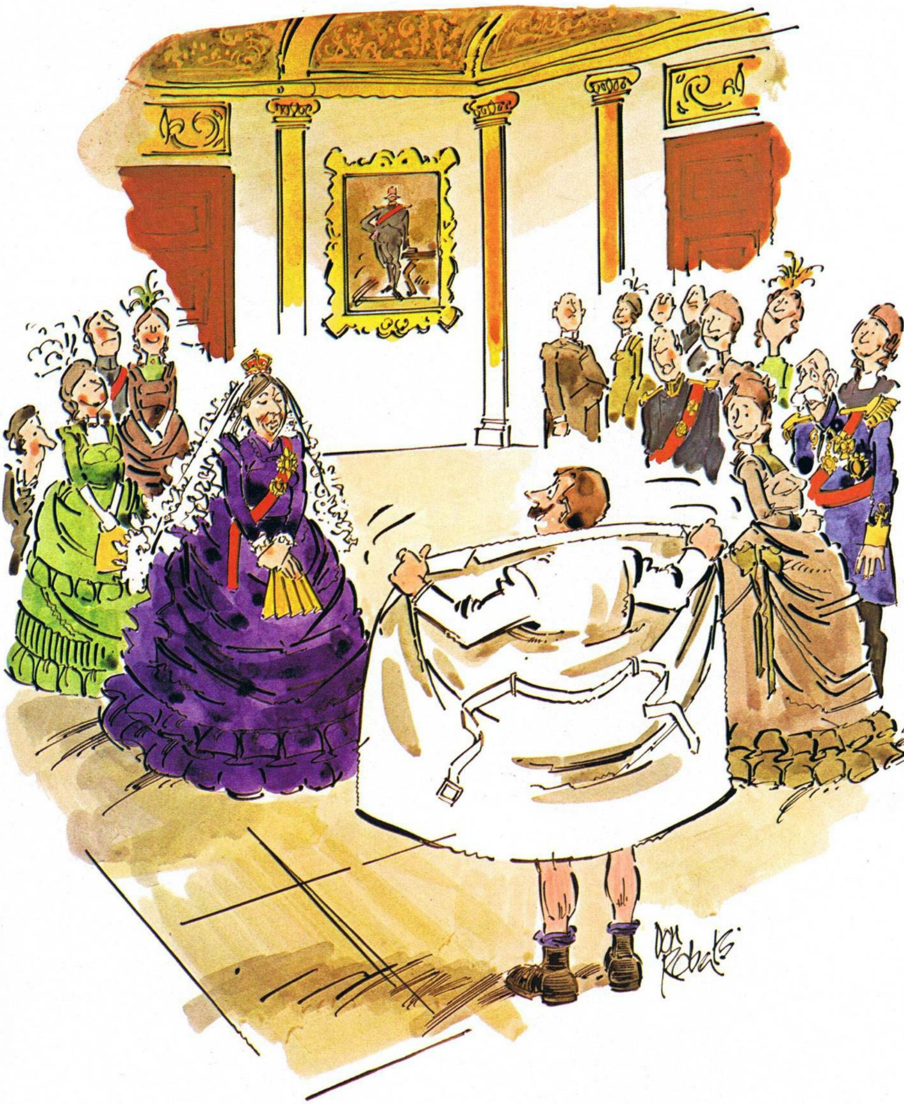
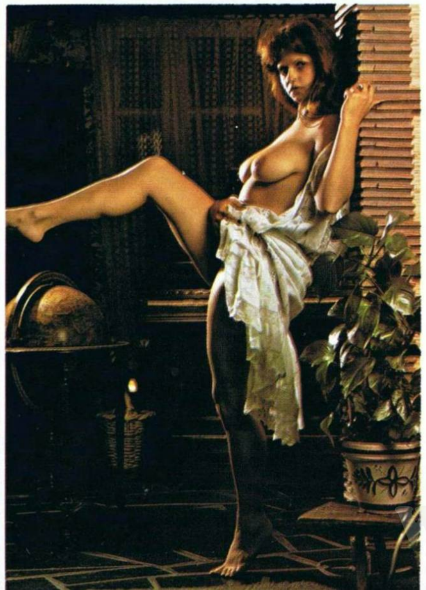

Don Roberts

'Albert – we are not amused.'

FRANKY

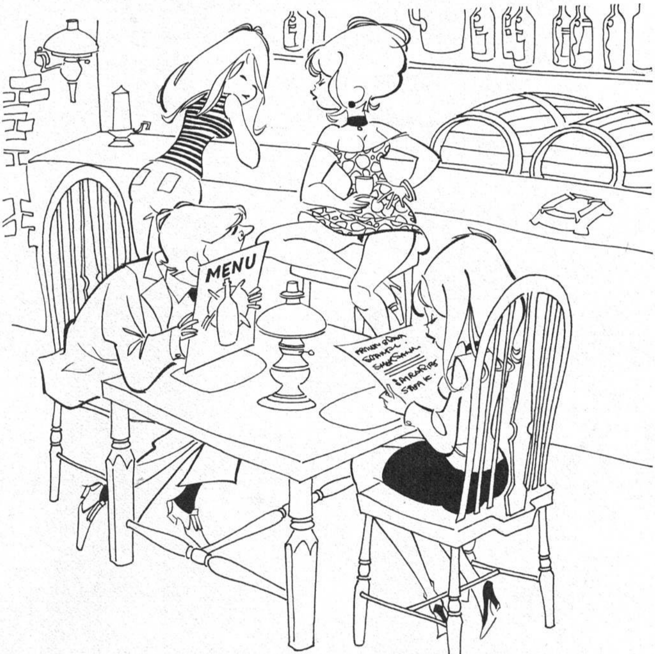
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

If you're a believer in the old adage of 'you can't have enough of a good thing', you'll probably at present be going overboard about our 40–27–38 covergirl Franky Martin. 'I've always,' confesses 23-year-old Franky, 'been something of a big girl and when I was younger I used to get very self-conscious of not having the sort of svelte, mini-skirted figure that I thought men went for. I've changed my ideas though.'



Why? 'Well,' explains Franky, 'up until a year or so ago I tended to try and hide my figure by wearing long and loose-fitting clothes. When you're as curvy as I am though, that's not the easiest thing in the world to accomplish, so in the end I thought "Bish it. This is the only figure I've got, so I'm going to start showing it off" and that's exactly what I did.' Franky laughs. 'It was quite amazing actually. Men suddenly seemed to start noticing me and asking me out for dates. Apparently to them I was a "real woman" as opposed to some flat-chested teenybopper. I have a great time at the moment – lots of dates and invites.'

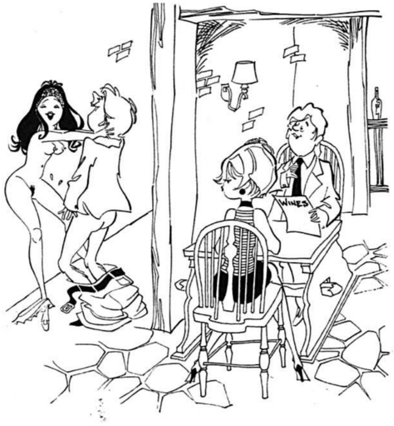
Although – as you'll see further on in this issue – another of this month's girls holds a totally opposing point of view to Franky's, it's worth considering, through Franky's eyes, just what it is about her that men find attractive. 'Heavens, that's a tricky one,' she replies. 'Well, I guess I'm pretty cuddly – which men seem to like – and I'm easy to take out as I don't really bother with faddy things like diets. Like Popeye the Sailor – I am what I am. I don't think that because I'm plump I shouldn't dress sexily or act any differently to other girls of my age. There's no way I'm an easy lay or anything like that.' A mock-innocent grin. 'I can't help it if men are attracted to me – can I?' Judging by the number of turning heads as Franky wends her way from our offices, she's not alone in thinking that plump is pleasing to a lot of men.



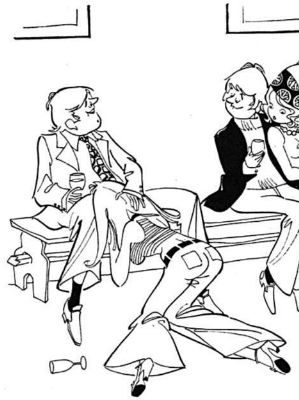
'See anything?'

RIESLING TO THE OCCASION

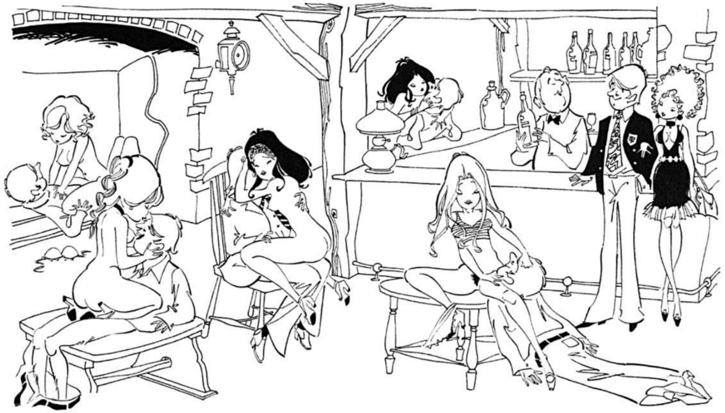
Wine bars, with their sophisticated dolly-bird imbibers are also popular amongst laymen. But, says cartoonist Paul White, not just because of the wine



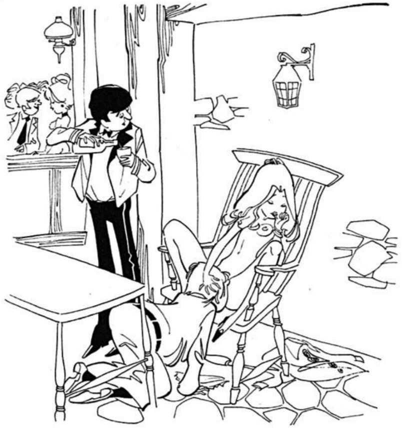
'Mmmm. That sounds like him pulling out the cork.'



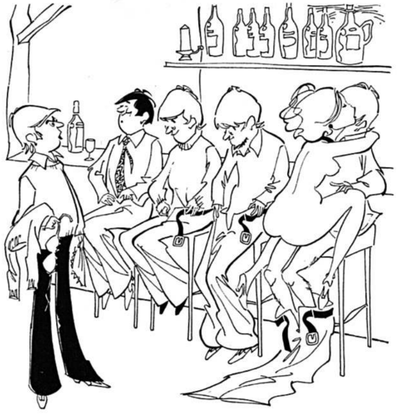
'It's gone to her head.'



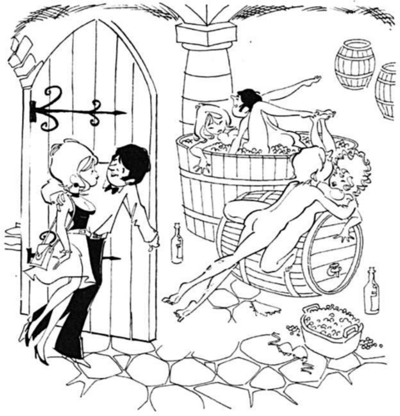
*'It's an unassuming little wine, Sir,
with a rather amusing aggressiveness . . .'*



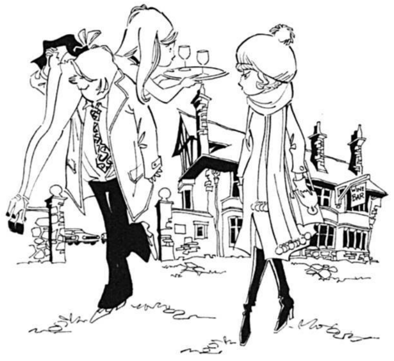
'Please, Sir, please. Should we not consider our palate . . .?



'Pamela – don't you think you've had enough?'



'And this is where we actually make it.'



'It's a good job you're not driving.'

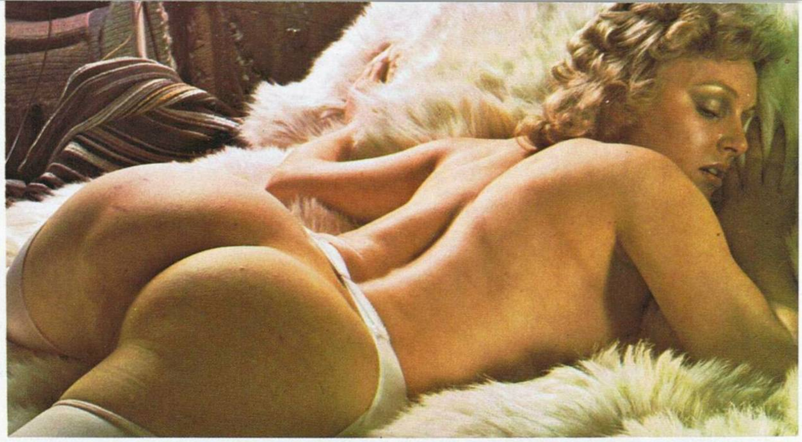
JENNY

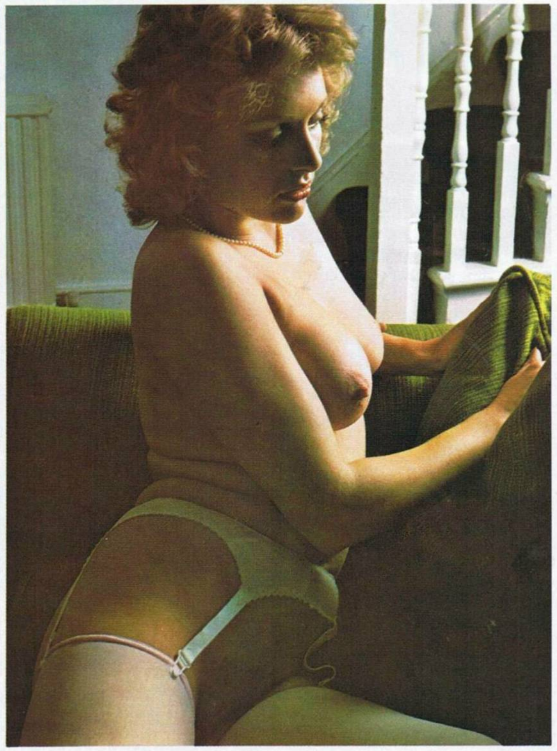
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

If you ever held the cherished illusion that a nanny was a stern, starched figure whose sole purpose in life was to administer discipline and cod liver oil, gaze upon the 35–24–35 figure of 22-year-old Jenny Willis and think again, for Jenny is what you might call a thoroughly modern nanny – and a globetrotting version in addition.

Jenny, who was born and still lives just outside Coventry, has worked as a nanny in both Geneva and Paris and is at present half-way through a six month assignment in Montreal. 'Although Geneva was the first place I worked abroad', says Jenny, 'and I've got some really great memories of my time there, my favourite place of all so far has been Paris. I was there for about a year and I just loved the whole atmosphere. I lived near Les Halles which isn't all that far away from the very heart of Paris, so consequently I had a high old time. When I got back I did a bit of temping work, which I didn't much like, and then this modelling.'

Jenny grins. 'I quite enjoyed doing the pictures, though it's not really in keeping with the rest of my character. I surprised myself a bit actually! But I do like doing new things and meeting new people – that's the main reason I keep shooting off, I suppose. Besides, Coventry's not exactly the liveliest spot in the Midlands and I do like going out to movies and discos. As for men, well, I quite like the French, but not the Italians. They're on a big machismo trip which is an awful drag'. Jenny smiles. 'I know that's rather a sweeping generalisation, but you get what I mean, don't you?' All is crystal-clear, Nanny.





Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A little Red Indian lad asked his father how he came to be named. 'It's like this, son,' explained the father, 'when a Red Indian mother gives birth she names the baby after the first thing she sees when she looks out of the tepee. When your brother was born, your mother looked out just as a herd of buffalo was passing, so he was called Running Buffalo. When your sister was born, a flock of doves was flying overhead and she was called Flying Dove. Does that explain it?' 'Yes, father,' scowled the little boy. 'Anyway,' said the father, 'why do you want to know, Two Dogs Fucking?'

Mrs Murphy returned home one day after visiting her doctor. 'He said I'm pregnant,' she told her husband, 'and he wants me to take him a sample. What's a sample?'
'I don't know,' replied her husband, 'go next door and ask Mrs O'Reilly – she's got ten kids and is bound to know.'
'I'm not going round there,' replied Mrs Murphy, 'We always end up fighting.'
'All you have to do,' said her husband, 'is knock on the door, say "top of the morning Mrs O'Reilly, what's a sample?" It's as simple as that.'
Mrs Murphy disappeared and returned later with a cut lip and a torn dress.
'You've been fighting,' said Mr Murphy. 'How did that happen?'
'Well,' said the wife, 'I knocked on the door, said "top of the morning Mrs O'Reilly, what's a sample?" She said "piss in a jar", I said "shit in your handbag" and it went on from there.'

The youth was undergoing training in the fine art of undertaking. As he and the undertaker entered the room, the young man remarked about the large erection on the man on the bed.
'Yes, that's a common occurrence,' the undertaker said. 'No problem though, just give it a tap with this mallet.'
The lad did so, but with no result.
'Hit it harder,' the undertaker told him.
Still there was no result.
Finally, the undertaker did the job himself, giving the tool a mighty thwack.
This time the man sprang upright in bed.
'What do we do now?' the trainee asked.
'Run like hell,' came the reply, 'we're in the wrong house.'

The sixth former wished to purchase a second-hand car on show at his local garage and marked up at £375.00 less 12½ per cent for cash.
Unable to work out this mathematical sum, he was returning home when he met the village school mistress.
'Tell me, Miss,' he asked, 'if I gave you £375.00 less 12½ per cent, how much would you take off?'
'Everything,' she replied, 'everything bar my hair net.'

'I will not begin until this room has settled down,' said the lecturer to the rowdy audience.
'In that case,' said a voice from the back, 'go home and sleep it off.'

A former Lord Rosebery was inspecting the proceedings at Ascot, and was suspicious when he noticed a trainer giving his horse a lump of sugar and a spoonful of red liquid.
Approaching the trainer, he demanded to know what the liquid was.
'Just raspberry juice,' the trainer replied, and to prove his point, he offered to let Lord Rosebery taste it for himself.
'Not until you've had some yourself,' Lord Rosebery replied.
This was agreed and both men had a spoonful of liquid. Satisfied, Lord Rosebery moved to the next stable.
The trainer took the jockey aside.
'Take it steady for the first furlong,' he said, 'then let her go. If anything passes you it'll only be me or Lord Rosebery.'

Waldo and his amazing talking dog, an old-time variety act, were appearing at a northern nightclub.
'Tell the audience, Rex, what is found on the outside of a tree?' said Waldo.
'Bark,' was the reply.
The audience, showed their distaste.
After several embarrassing seconds the act continued. 'Now Rex, what would you find on top of a house?'
'Roof,' was the dog's reply, at which point the two were chased out of the auditorium by the dissatisfied customers.
While travelling back to London in the car, both visibly upset, the dog turned to his master and said: 'Do you think I should have said a chimney?'

A woman in a topless dress walked into a church. The vicar was aghast.
'I'm afraid you can't come in here like that,' he said.
'But I have a divine right,' she said.
'You have a divine left as well,' replied the vicar, 'but you still can't come in.'

A brash young city type tried to impress his girlfriend in an expensive restaurant when he ordered the wine.
'Chateau Mouton Rothschild, please waiter – the '66.'
The waiter brought the wine, the young man sampled it and then spat it out.
'This is the 1968, not the 1966,' he screamed. Then he ordered Chateau Talbot '70 vintage, and the same thing happened. 'This is 1972,' he shrieked.
The wine waiter disappeared and returned with a full glass, asking the young man what he thought.
'This is piss!' he spluttered.
'Correct,' said the waiter, 'now tell me how old I am.'

A supple young lady called Flo
Once diddled herself with her toe,
But she now rues the day,
Being too shy to say
Where her bunions have started to grow.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

Peter Collins, who died when his Ferrari ran off the track at Nurburgring during the 1958 German Grand Prix, was the archetypal young British racing driver of the Fifties—blond, handsome, fun-loving and bursting with flair

Final lap for a British ace

By Graham Macbeth

The two blood-red Ferraris bellowed through the tree-lined twists and turns of the tortuous circuit in the Eifel mountains of Germany, in their pursuit of the green Vanwall. Much was at stake. Each of the three young Britons was in the running for the 1958 World Drivers' Championship.

In the lead was Tony Brooks, coolly precise driver of the Vanwall.

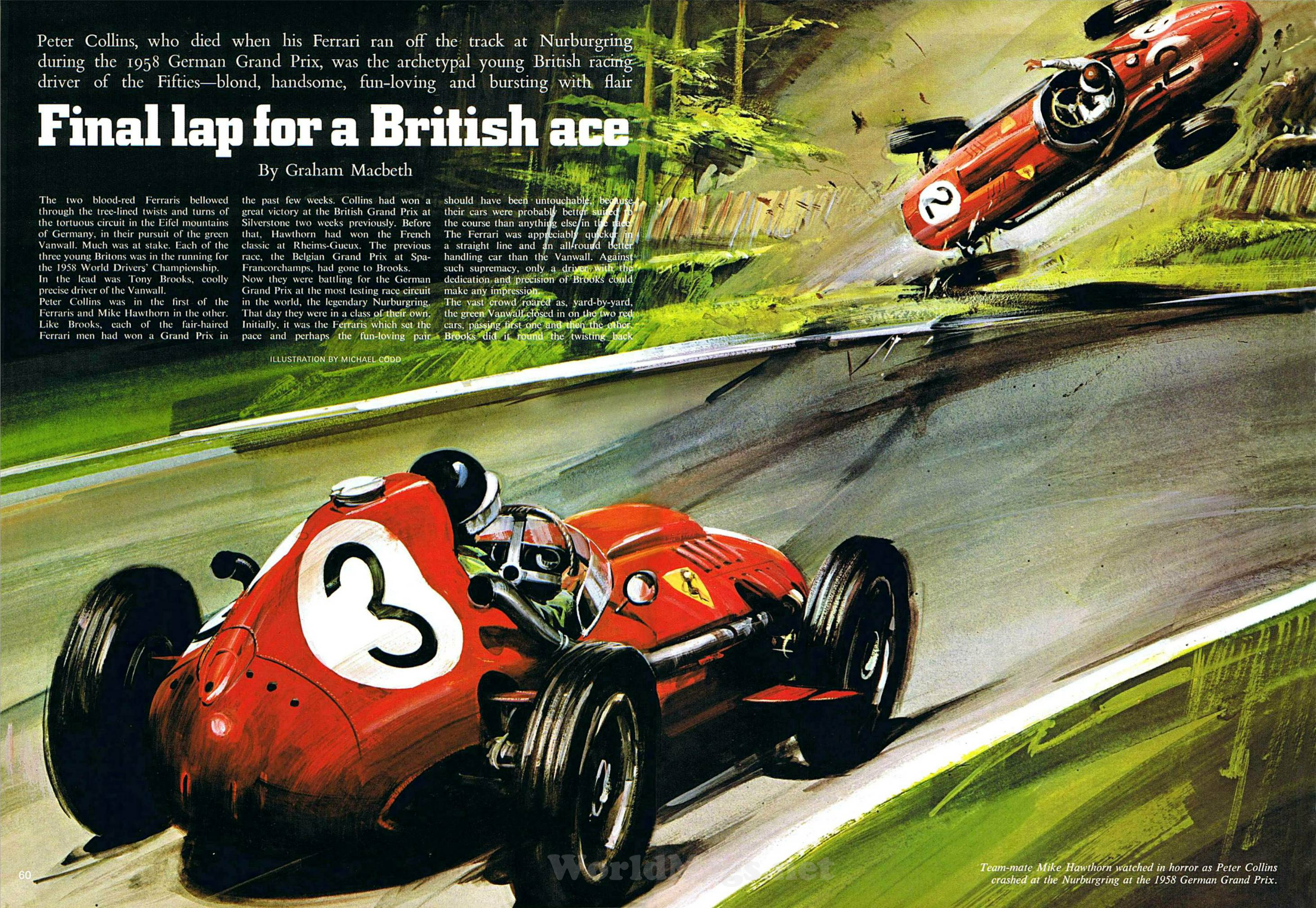
Peter Collins was in the first of the Ferraris and Mike Hawthorn in the other.

Like Brooks, each of the fair-haired Ferrari men had won a Grand Prix in the past few weeks. Collins had won a great victory at the British Grand Prix at Silverstone two weeks previously. Before that, Hawthorn had won the French classic at Rheims-Gueux. The previous race, the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa-Francorchamps, had gone to Brooks.

Now they were battling for the German Grand Prix at the most testing race circuit in the world, the legendary Nurburgring. That day they were in a class of their own. Initially, it was the Ferraris which set the pace and perhaps the fun-loving pair should have been untouchable, because their cars were probably better suited to the course than anything else in the race. The Ferrari was appreciably quicker in a straight line and an all-round better handling car than the Vanwall. Against such supremacy, only a driver with the dedication and precision of Brooks could make any impression.

The vast crowd roared as, yard-by-yard, the green Vanwall closed in on the two red cars, passing first one and then the other. Brooks did it round the twisting back

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD



Team-mate Mike Hawthorn watched in horror as Peter Collins crashed at the Nurburgring at the 1958 German Grand Prix.

sections of the course which starts after the circuit has doubled back behind the pits. But Collins held on and, on the long, uphill straight which leads back to the start/finish area to complete the 14-mile lap, Collins closed up, sat in the Vanwall's slipstream to gather momentum and, in the classic overtaking manoeuvre, burst through to retake the lead once more.

Tony Brooks didn't win Grand Prix races by charging around madly. With the possible exception of Moss, there was no more calculating driver in Formula One racing at that time. Brooks chose his moment carefully.

As they went through the climbing left-and-right turns away from the back straight behind the pits, he passed Collins once more, balancing the Vanwall as on a knife edge to gain the last ounce of cornering power.

It gave him nine miles of swooping, climbing, twisting, circuit to pull out enough distance so that, when they came to that long, painful climb back to the finish, Collins and the Ferrari would be just too far back to use the extra power to pull into the Vanwall's slipstream and repeat the overtaking performance.

Using every inch of the track, Brooks pulled further and further into the lead but even he was surprised that there was no red car in his mirrors as the Vanwall tore across the finish line.

He did not learn until after the race of the disaster at the Pflanzgarten corner a mile or so before the start of that critical home straight. Collins was driving like a man possessed. The car left the circuit, hit a bank and overturned, throwing out its driver.

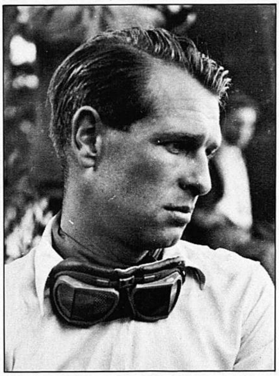
Recalling the incident after 20 years, Tony Brooks knows no more today than he did then about the crash. He was too far in front of the Ferraris to see anything of the incident in his mirrors, and in any case, he was very busy keeping the Vanwall on the road at the sort of speeds at which he was cornering.

'Whether he made a mistake – we all make mistakes – or was just trying too hard, I don't know,' he says, suggesting that perhaps it was one and the same thing.

The one person who did see it all, but is no longer with us to describe the accident, was Mike Hawthorn.

Sick with worry at what he had seen, he wanted nothing else but to stop racing and get to his friend. He achieved it by deliberately 'blowing' the engine. Collins was flown by helicopter to a hospital at Bonn with severe head injuries but he was dead before Hawthorn could reach his side.

Brooks went on to win the race at a record speed of 90.31 mph, the first time 'The Ring' had been won at more than 90 mph, just as Collins had been the first to win at Silverstone at over 100 mph two weeks previously and Hawthorn's French GP win had been the first at over 125 mph.



Peter Collins at the peak of his career.

But the celebrations were muted. Peter Collins was gone and 1958 was showing signs of becoming one of the blackest years in the history of Grand Prix racing, as well as one of the most closely contested. For Hawthorn it was a nightmare. To him, Peter Collins was closer than a brother. He and 'Mon ami, mate' were inseparable. Both went motor racing for the fun of it and there they were, paired in one of the world's great Grand Prix teams, heroes within their own circle, generously paid and having a ball. Life was wonderful. Or it had been. The Ferrari team for 1958 had been Collins, Hawthorn and Luigi Musso but the handsome Italian had died in an immensely high-speed crash at Rheims while trying to keep up with Hawthorn at his brilliant best. Archie Scott-Brown, the cheerful little Scotsman who had led the gallant but under-financed Connaught team, had been burned to death in a sports car crash at Spa.

Now Collins was gone and, at the Moroccan Grand Prix at which Hawthorn was to clinch the championship at the end of the year, tragedy was to strike the Vanwall team when Stuart Lewis-Evans crashed and he, too, suffered fatal burns.

It was a time when, if you were a Grand Prix team manager seeking new talent, you would automatically look down the list of young British drivers.

While Collins was only 24 when he joined the Ferrari team in 1956, he was already one of the most seasoned of the post-war drivers. British motor racing really got back on the map in 1948, with the opening of the Goodwood and Silverstone airfield circuits, but he was just too young to compete then, for his 17th birthday was not until November of that year.

You cannot go motor racing in Britain until you hold a road licence but that did not prevent Peter Collins from equipping himself for his chosen career as a racing driver. While still 16, he bought a Cooper '500' and practised with it on private property. When he competed in his first event, a Prescott hillclimb, he was already in his second racing car. In 1949 he was winning races in this intensely competitive formula, in which the opposition included Stirling Moss, who was already demonstrating the ability which was to prove him one of the greatest drivers of all time.

Compared with most of his contemporaries, Collins had an easier entry to motor racing. His family home was Shatterford Grange, near Kidderminster, and the family business was a big garage in that ancient Worcestershire market town. In his early days, he used to be described as 'working in the family motor business' but it was not long before he was a professional racing driver to the exclusion of all else.

In those days, British motor racing was a bit of a joke internationally, for 500 racing did not happen anywhere else (it was some years before it was given official recognition as 'Formula Three' and, even then, it was almost entirely confined to British tracks) and, in other categories, British drivers either bought continental cars or ran at the back of the field.

But British enthusiasm for car racing was enormous and soon there was more motor racing on British tracks than anywhere else in the world. With it came the dramatic emergence of British driving talent. In a few short years, those who had raced at Brooklands and Donington before the war – Peter Walker, Dennis Poore, Reg Parnell, Tony Rolt, David Hampshire, Bob Gerard – were being challenged and beaten by the new breed of Moss, Collins, Hawthorn, Brooks, Lewis-Evans, Scott-Brown, Ron Flockhart, Ivor Bueb and many more. But it was Collins who stood out as the archetype of the young British racing driver of the early Fifties. Tall, fair-haired, handsome and gallant, he was cheerful and articulate, considerate and well-spoken.

Gradually British cars had to be taken more seriously, too. First in sports car races with Jaguars and Aston Martins, then among single-seaters with Coopers, Connaughts, Vanwalls, and the BRM.

Probably against Moss, Peter Collins was in the second league. He had a natural flair, as did Hawthorn, but both lacked the sheer dedication which made Moss and, later, Brooks stand out as true professionals.

To Collins it was fun all the way. The speed in the cars and the glamour of the circuits, the company of the wealthy who were attracted to the sport like moths to a flame, the girls and the travel – it all added up to a life which he loved and he lived it to the full. He found an enthusiastic partner in this pursuit in Mike Hawthorn, who captured a little more of the publicity, perhaps because he achieved success even more rapidly.

Hawthorn made his mark in club sports car racing in 1951, while Collins was already in the HWM team which was contesting Formula Two racing. It was, in fact, a forlorn effort and the only success of note came in 1952 when Lance Macklin won an International race at Silverstone while Collins and Moss both failed to

turn to page 66

Final lap for a British ace

continued from page 62

get across the line first in any event of significance.

Hawthorn, in the meantime, was making people sit up with a Cooper-Bristol which, though grossly underpowered compared with the contemporary Ferrari and Maserati cars, suited his flamboyant driving style and was reasonably reliable too. He won a number of British races and did sufficiently well in Europe to attract the attention of Ferrari, who signed him up for the 1953 season.

Collins was also doing well. If the HWM was uncompetitive he was proving his ability in sports cars. His association with Aston Martin was lengthy and successful. With Pat Griffith (now a 'captain of industry' in the group which includes the Ferodo brake component manufacturers) he won the Goodwood Nine Hours race of 1952. He stayed with Aston Martin for the 1953, 1954, and 1955 seasons and, again paired with Griffith, included such classics as the Tourist Trophy race at Dundrod, Northern Ireland, in 1953 and the Sebring 12-hours race in Florida in 1954.

He must be acknowledged as one of the, greatest of all sports car drivers, rivalling Moss and overshadowing the great Fangio in this quality. When Mercedes-Benz wanted an extra driver for the Targa Florio race in Sicily at the end of the 1955 season it was natural for them to approach Collins. Aston Martin's limited budget did not extend to that event and so he was delighted to team up with Moss and eager to seize the chance to join with the most professional team of all.

Both of them went off the road. When Moss was driving the car went down a hillside and their long lead was lost while the Mercedes 300 SLR car was manhandled back up through the bushes by willing spectators and he drove 40 kilometres back to the pits. When Collins took over the car it was back in fourth place and, despite his own excursion, they overtook their rivals to average 59.8 mph for the whole race with the battered wreck, while the existing lap record for this incredibly tortuous 72 kilometre Sicilian course was 57.8 mph! Such was the formidable ability of these two British drivers in a sports car, that they beat the old lap record on every tour, including those on which they went off the road and the car was being repaired in the pits.

It was a tremendous victory but it led nowhere. After the 'Targa', Mercedes-Benz announced their withdrawal from racing, so that any hopes of a contract to drive 'the silver fish' in 1956 were gone. Undeniably brilliant in sports cars, Collins had a thin time in the class that mattered – Grand Prix racing – in the first half of the Fifties. After the HWM disappointments, he went to the Vanwall team for 1954. Tony Vandervell, an individualist who was one of the early backers of the BRM project, was also one of the first to become disenchanted with the way in which the team was run. He broke away to go it alone. First he bought a 4½-litre V12 Ferrari, which he ran as the 'Thin Wall Special', promoting the engine bearings which his factory churned out by the million for the motor industry. Then he set about building his own Formula One car.

The 'Thin Wall' was a great brute of a car and only the world's greatest could tame it. Those who did included Giuseppe Farina, Alberto Ascari, Froilan Gonzales, Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins. Among those whom he beat fairly regularly were the V16 BRMs which, like the 'Thin Wall', were still being used for the Formule Libre races which were a feature of major meetings while the new 2½-litre Formula One was finding its feet.

Peter Collins at the wheel of his Ferrari at the Nurburgring in the German Grand Prix.

The Owen organisation, which ran the BRM team by that time, took the hint and signed up Collins for 1955. Although his availability was partly the result of a mix-up over oil company contracts he was no worse off with BRM in 1955 than he would have been with the Vanwall. He had given the new, all-British Vanwall its international debut in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza towards the end of the 1954 season but it was to be two years and two major re-designs before it became a significant threat to the other teams.

BRM ran a Maserati 250F in 1955 both as a component test bed and to give their contracted driver a chance to keep his hand in with a reasonably competitive car. With this Owen Maserati, Collins won Silverstone's International Trophy race and then the London Trophy at Crystal Palace.

At long last, the new BRM four-cylinder 2½-litre was ready. Collins gave the car its debut in the Oulton Park Gold Cup. He was up against Hawthorn and Castelotti in Ferrari, Moss and Musso in Maserati, the Connaughts and the Vanwall. Collins started badly but soon he was through the cream of the Grand Prix field and closing on Moss. Suddenly, the oil pressure needle took a dive and Collins drove the car slowly and sadly back to the pits. It was the old, old BRM story all over again. But with a slight twist – when the engine was stripped later, it was found to be perfect – only the oil pressure gauge was faulty.

With that sort of experience, it was little wonder that Collins had no hesitation in accepting an offer to join Ferrari for 1956. In contrast, Hawthorn and Brooks signed for BRM to suffer a season of frustration, accidents and mechanical failures.

The year of 1956 was a critical one for Collins. Apart from all else he astounded everyone (perhaps even his own family) by marrying. Louise Cordier was an actress, having played in *The Seven Year Itch*. Beautiful and talented, this 24-year-old American girl was also the daughter of Eugene Cordier, executive assistant to the then-Secretary General of the United Nations, Dag Hammerskoeld.

It all fitted in with the nature of this dashing young man who did things in style. Some people openly disapproved.

Said driving rival, the French ace Jean Behra: 'Married? The silly boy – he could have had my wife and starting money too!'

Others thought it would be good for Peter. Outwardly devil-may-care in his attitude to life in general he was known by a few to be capable of deep seriousness about some things. One was a noted change to motor racing. Another was his agreement to become a governor of the Alcester Preparatory School, not far from his old Kidderminster home.

His marriage did not alter his close friendship with Mike Hawthorn. There were

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Final lap for a British ace

continued from page 66

still the hilarious parties but with one extra person to share the jokes.

The racing scene could hardly have been better. Moss led the Maserati team and Fangio was number one for Ferrari but it was Collins, at last with a car fit for his talents, who won the Belgian and French Grands Prix at Spa-Francorchamps and Rheims-Gueux (at over 122 and 118 mph respectively) to lead the world championship and this in his very first season with a fully professional team contesting all the races.

Fangio had started the season well, winning the Argentine Grand Prix. He also won the British event at Silverstone but Collins was second and it was not until the German Grand Prix that a further victory put Fangio ahead in the points table.

The situation was still wide open for the last race of the year, the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. Moss was in great form and went on to win but Fangio, favourite for the championship, had the steering fail on his car and was out before the race was half over. Both Maserati and Ferrari were in tyre problems but when Luigi Musso came in for a tyre change, he flatly refused to hand over his Ferrari to Fangio and rushed off in vain pursuit of Moss's Maserati.

Collins then came into the pits for a tyre check and without a moment's hesitation handed over his car to Fangio. By doing so, he threw away any chance of winning the world championship for himself and, because Fangio came second in the race to Moss, it was Fangio who won the championship and Collins was demoted to third place in the series.

It was an extraordinary gesture of sportsmanship and it made Collins as much a hero among the emotional Italians as he was to his countless British followers. The Guild of Motoring Writers gave him their coveted 'Driver of the Year' award.

Fangio moved to Maserati for 1957, to collect his fifth and last world championship title and Hawthorn moved back to Ferrari. At last, 'the terrible twins' were together in the same Grand Prix team. The jokes, the parties and the full savouring of the good life went on as never before. The fact that the Grand Prix wins eluded both of them was incidental and Ferrari, not always so forgiving, signed them both up again for 1958.

By now it was almost a straight fight between Ferrari and Vanwall. Fangio stayed with Maserati but the 250F was now outpaced and the new V12 engine which they shoe-horned into it was not a success. By mid-season, Fangio decided to conclude what was arguably the greatest car racing career of all time.

The world championship was wide open and without doubt it was to be an Englishman who would take the title, although whether it was to be Hawthorn or Collins for Ferrari, Moss or Brooks for Vanwall, was to remain in doubt until the final race of the year.

Hawthorn's horror at witnessing the fatal accident of Collins at the Nurburgring and his subsequent deliberate 'blowing' of the Ferrari's engine nearly cost him the championship, for with it he threw away the points for an almost certain second place. He finally won from Moss by a single point to become the first British world champion but this achievement brought him little pleasure.

Peter was gone and motor racing had lost its fascination. Without 'Mon ami, mate' it wasn't fun any more. Just the responsibilities of being champion, making speeches. Within weeks he had announced his retirement. Within months he was dead – killed in a road crash which was even sillier and more unnecessary than most.

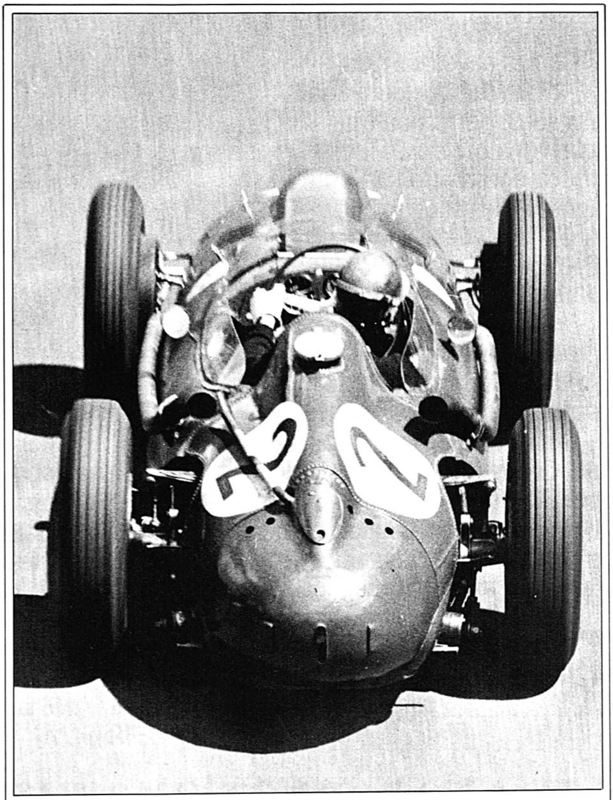
At about this time of the year the sages of the British Automobile Racing Club will be deciding the recipient of the Peter Collins Memorial Challenge Trophy, a splendid cup which is awarded annually to the member of this biggest British motor racing club who is the most promising newcomer at BARC race meetings.

First awarded by his friends at the Alcester Preparatory School in 1960, it commemorates the slightly more serious side to Peter's make-up. The school also contains a priceless memorial to the charming, cheerful and successful young man.

Hanging in the little school's hall is a portrait, specially commissioned on behalf of a wide circle of admirers and executed by Sofy Asscher, depicting the victorious Peter Collins in his garlands after winning the 1955 Daily Express International Trophy race at Silverstone.

It's all there – the broad smile, the keen blue eyes, the fair hair neatly combed back, an encapsulation of everything the man represented.

It is true that he wasn't the greatest driver, getting his best results more by natural ability than the sheer application as well as the inborn brilliance which characterised the achievements of Moss and Fangio, but as an example of the public image of what a top racing driver should be, he has had no equal in the 20 years since his death.



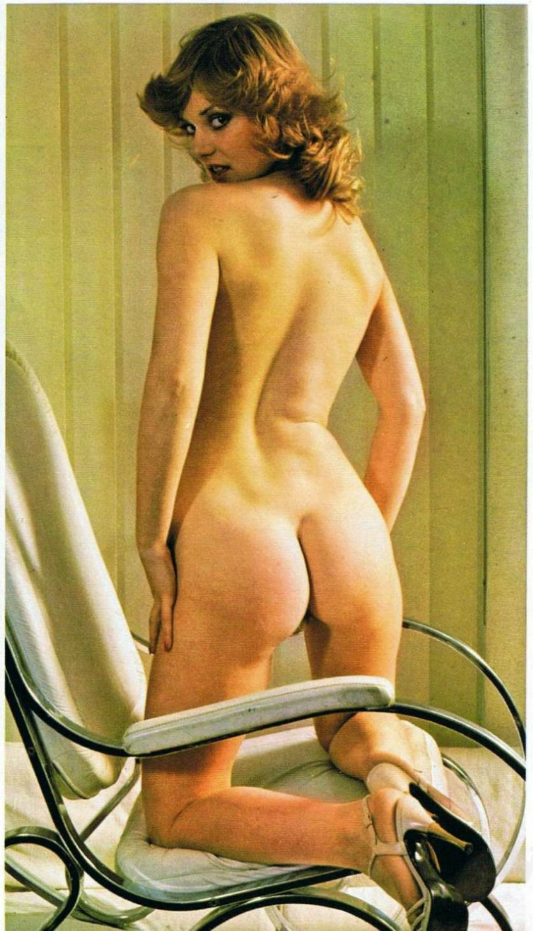
A rear view of the Collins' Ferrari in the 1958 German Grand Prix minutes before he died.

Beverley Gothard: Miss Southampton

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

With more and more girls realising a *Mayfair* appearance can give a real boost to modelling and showbiz careers, a beauty queen baring all is now the norm rather than the exception. The latest to do so is Beverley Gothard.

Beverley, a 35–24–35 strawberry blonde, was the 1977 Miss Southampton. She won the contest – which was sponsored by the PLJ health drink concern – in the face of stiff competition from 27 other entrants and thus gained automatic entry to the Miss England finals which were held earlier this year on April 5 at London's Lyceum Ballroom and shown on television throughout the country. 'I can't say that winning Miss Southampton and appearing in Miss England changed my life,' maintains Beverley, 'but it was all a lot of fun. I hope to try my luck again in Miss England though; the preliminary heats get underway early next year.'



Although Beverley now lives down in Bournemouth, she was in fact born 21 years ago in Ossett, which is near Wakefield. She was schooled at the local Southdale Secondary before leaving at 15 to work for a couple of years in the filing department of Charles Roberts Ltd, a firm of mechanical engineers. Then Beverley switched careers, taking a course in tailoring. 'That's something which I still do as a hobby just to keep my hand in,' she smiles, 'and I also go swimming quite regularly and play badminton – they're both unbeatable forms of exercise for keeping your figure in trim.' Hobbies apart, Beverley is now a full-time photographic model and busy planning that assault on the 1979 Miss England title with its intro to the dazzling heights of the Miss World contest.

World

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / BEVERLEY GOTHARD

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The old Vauxhall pleasure garden

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The old Vauxhall pleasure garden
continued from page 81

to say, so does the Vintage Sports Car Club. Primarily a quick tourer, the 30/98 appeared with smart two-seater bodies, notably the boat-like Wensum, and even with saloon and coupé carriagework. But in its Velox four-seater guise it was perhaps to be best-liked, a somewhat cramped, very open-air mode of motoring, but motoring in style, and with plenty of speed and guts. Although never raced to the degree that the later great green Bentleys were, the stark, no-nonsense 30/98 Vauxhall has won lasting fame in the realms of motoring history. It is pleasing to know that some 169 of these fine motorcars from Luton have survived around the world, especially as the numbers made were quite small.

This is to anticipate, however, because the 30/98 saw sales status from 1913, although it did not really get into its stride commercially until after the Armistice of 1918. During the war, however, Vauxhall Motors had enhanced its already impeccable reputation with a 25 hp D-type four-cylinder car which served with great distinction as a staff car on many fronts.

After the strife had died down there was naturally a demand for this and other Vauxhall models. In 1922 both the wartime 25 hp model and the pre-war E-type 30/98 sporting job were revitalised by being given push-rod overhead-valve engines devised by designer King, the former becoming the OD-type 23/60, the latter the 120 bhp OE 30/98. A somewhat similar but smaller Lutonian was the 14/40 Vauxhall dating from 1921 but improved, and of changed appearance (wire instead of disc wheels, for instance), along the years.

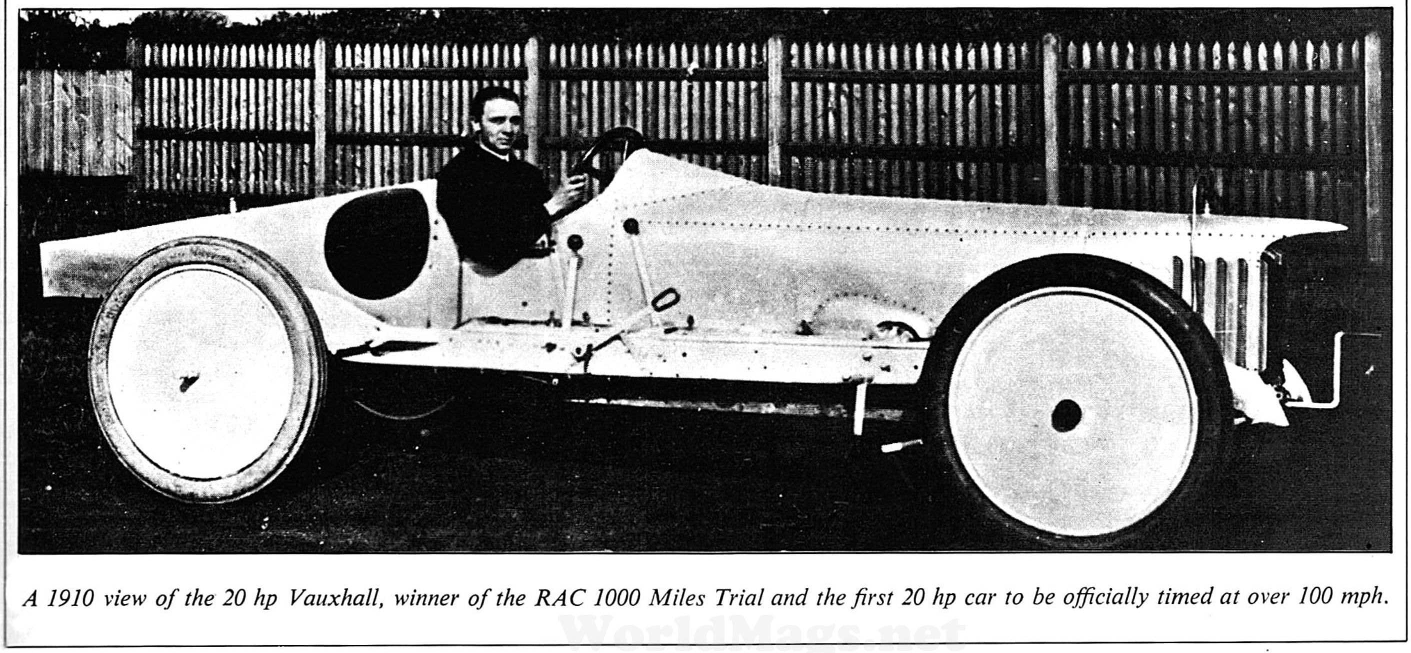
General Motors of America, meanwhile, was doing fine in the States, by grouping many individual makes of car under their one huge umbrella. Now they wanted a stake in Great Britain. Austin wouldn't sell; lesser factories did not much interest them. What they acquired was the old and highly successful Vauxhall Company, still making its nice, typically English cars that were all rather staid except for the splendid 30/98. Hastily dropping a sleeve-valve experiment GM launched their replacement Vauxhall in 1926, known as the 20/60, with a 2.7-litre six-cylinder push-rod overhead-valve motor beneath its still fluted bonnet. If the purists were aghast, the shareholders preferred, no doubt, to move with the times. There was a tepid attempt to list a sports 20/60 in the form of the 'Hurlingham', with a rumble seat in its streamlined tail. But mainly the new model prospered as a saloon or tourer. Whereas the 30/98 had been willing to *go* but never liked *stopping*, in spite of two different braking systems applied to the OE's front wheels, the 20/60 complied readily with the brake pedal, via efficient anchors. It was a discernible step away from the older Vauxhalls, for it had coil ignition, a gearbox in unit with the engine, although still providing four forward speeds, and a long central gear lever.

The American influence knew no bounds – but it paid off in offering very popular new Vauxhall models. For example, the Cadet of 1930, a vintage car in its first form, was a spacious practical saloon available in both 17 hp and 26 hp versions. It may have caused strong men who remembered the 1922 TT Vauxhall racers of decidedly ingenious, you could say too complicated, design weep. The fact is that Vauxhall, like many other great makes, was undergoing much change, as the vintage years gave way to the demand of the populace for more comfortable, more practical vehicles, and never mind the individuality.

You could still go to Shelsley Walsh or other country speed venues and see Raymond Mays (now a CBE), make fastest-time-of-the-day and take course records in his thunderous Vauxhall-Villiers. But sporting Vauxhalls were no longer any part of the Luton scene, although for a number of years up to and even after the next World War openable tourers and some eyeable drop-head bodies were available behind the famous radiator and bonnet shape. Mainly, though, it was family saloons of the better sort, with a few big taxi-like limousines thrown in, on which the Vauxhall design teams now concentrated. A Light-Six was introduced in 1933 for those who wanted a smooth, flexible engine to demonstrate to the Jones' and two years later came the 12 hp and 14 hp D-type Vauxhalls, the first British cars of popular conception to have independent front suspension – and never mind that the greatest racing driver of them all, Tazio Nuvolari, was saying at around this time (1935) that although this provided a comfortable ride it didn't enable him to corner more accurately than within a foot. Yet this first 10 hp Vauxhall of 1937 undoubtedly was a breakthrough, in as much as it was the first British car to have the now all-but-universal unitary construction of chassis and body shell (giving the Demon Rust something to feed on!). It also had a very small fuel-thirst because Maurice Olley had given its ohv engine wide sparking plug gaps so that they would fire a comparatively weak petrol-air mixture. The war hampered this innovation but it was extended afterwards to the Vauxhall Twelve, after Luton had finished making Churchill tanks for the war effort.

The 10, 12 and 14 hp Vauxhalls were in production again by 1946 and by 1953, the company's jubilee, the millionth Vauxhall had left Luton and output exceeded 100,000 vehicles per year, the one-time Chevrolet now part of the popular Bedford commercial vehicle range.

Vauxhalls were never, after General Motors' intervention, very expensive cars. Even the impressive Grosvenor-bodied 25 hp GL limousines sold in 1936 for a modest £330, very decently equipped and capable of around 80 mph. Synchro-mesh gearboxes were pioneered by Vauxhall on British cars in the 1932 VY-models, and most of them were smooth, pleasant-to-drive cars of their kind, even before the war. In the 1970s I would certainly not scorn a Chevette or Cavalier, and if the Vauxhall make is no longer raced, it does itself credit in the tough world of international rallying.



A 1910 view of the 20 hp Vauxhall, winner of the RAC 1000 Miles Trial and the first 20 hp car to be officially timed at over 100 mph.

1909
V.C.C.
1909

21 1936
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32 1938
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1903, when the first Vauxhall, a pointed prow tiller-steered confection, stuttered away from the Vauxhall Ironworks in Lambeth. The works themselves had been formed by the Scottish engineer, Alexander Wilson, in 1857 to make marine engines for river craft and naval pinnaces. In 1892 the company took on limited liability and in 1903 was ready to manufacture the horseless carriage when it was apparent that such had a future.

A move was made to Luton, where the straw boaters came from, in 1905 and in 1907, the year incidentally in which Brooklands was opened, the Vauxhall company became a separate entity, Vauxhall Motors Limited, its duty to build only motorcars. Vauxhall cars had become larger than those which pioneered this now illustrious make. But it is nice to know that one of the little 'uns, in the guise of a 1904 single-cylinder, still chugs down the Brighton Road in November when the RAC and the Veteran Car Club combine to hold the now classic Veteran Car Run from London. It is usually driven, moreover, by a high-ranking member of the Vauxhall Motors organisation. They keep a special department at Luton which restores and maintains the more interesting Vauxhall and Bedford heirlooms.

Before the Kaiser War there was dawning recognition of the motorcar as a serious plaything and means of transport, and competition for sales was keen indeed. Vauxhall met this by publicising their products in races and trials, much as Renault, Ford, BMW and Porsche are doing today. In 1910 they won the important RAC 1,000 Miles' Trial, a 20 hp Vauxhall covering the course without an involuntary stop. They built cars for the leading continental and British races, even for the 1914 French Grand Prix, and they made excellent use of the aforesaid Brooklands track down in Surrey to publicise the cars with the fluted bonnet. It was here that shining aluminium, pencil-slim single-seater Vauxhalls netted vital prizes from Sunbeam, Talbot and other rivals. Theirs was the first car of a rated 20 hp to be officially timed at more than 100 mph, although they had to drain away the cloying lubricating oil to achieve this. The 'Prince Henry' touring model Vauxhall was a very fine piece of uncomplicated but effective automobile engineering. The great engineer/designer Laurence Pomeroy was working his magic for Vauxhall, as he was later to do for Daimler.

The immortal 30/98 Vauxhall was born quite casually, when a customer who had invented the Autovac system of feeding petrol from a rear-mounted petrol tank to an under-bonnet carburetter and who enjoyed the Worcestershire-based Shelsley Walsh hillclimb asked for a British car to beat his enormous French La Buire over this famous uphill speed course. Pomeroy cleverly mated an enlarged side-valve 'Prince Henry' 4½-litre engine to a light chassis and had the winner of the age, not only up Shelsley but as a great sporting car – they never called it a sports car – until it went out of production in 1927. It gained the prize alright, for the Autovac-gentleman. I regard it as the most desirable of all British vintage four-seaters and I am glad

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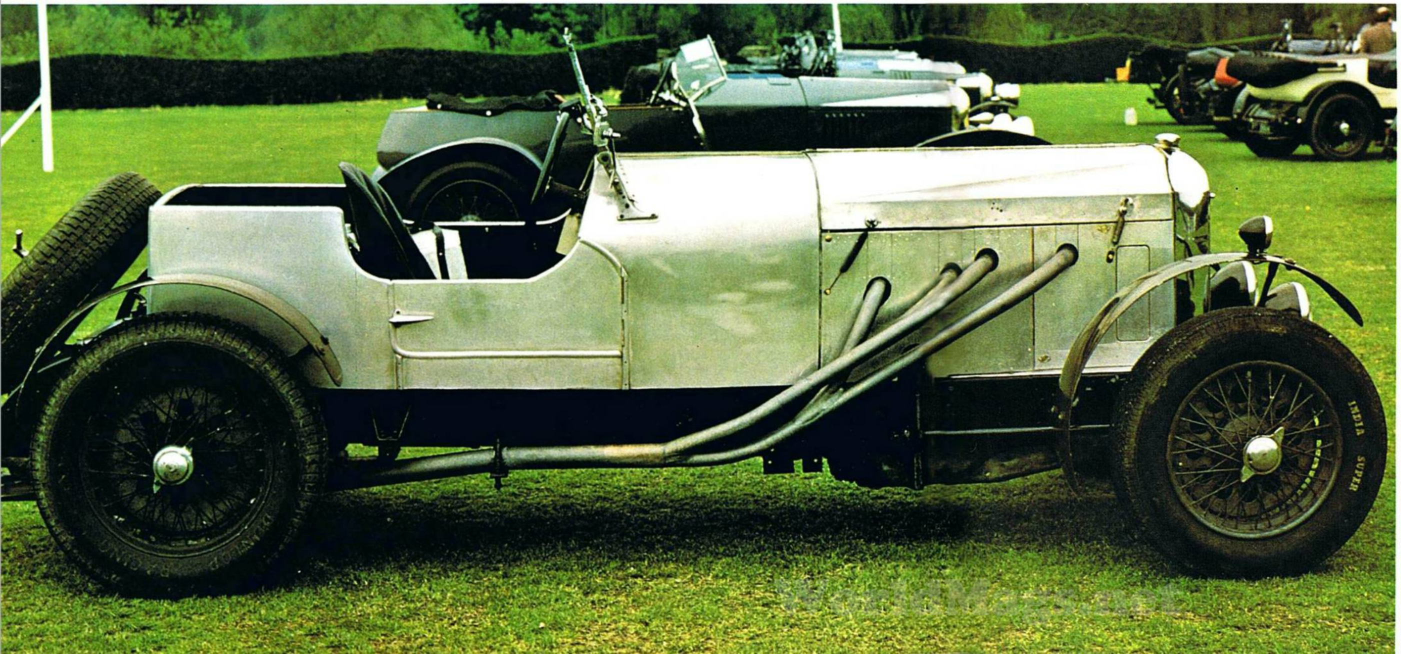
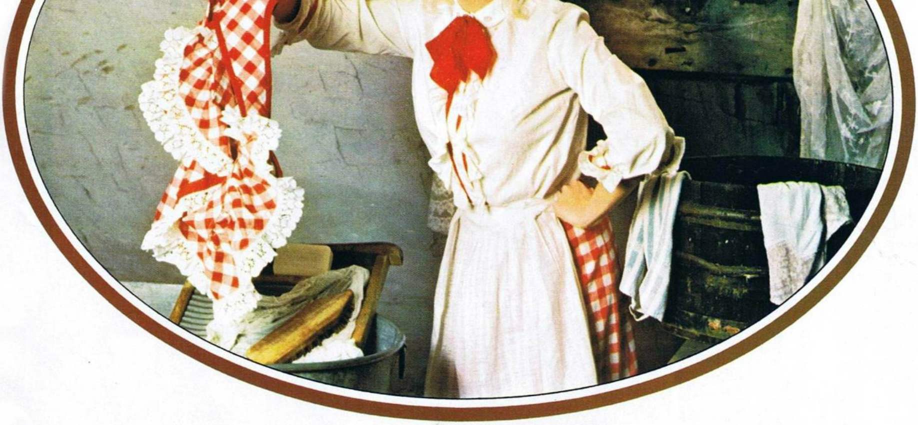
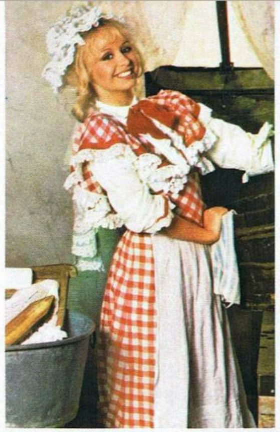
Main picture: another 30/98 OE. Dating from 1924, this model was modified for racing from 1928 to 1930. Opposite page, top left: a 1909 four-cylinder 16hp Model 'B', rescued from a Cornish scrapyard. Right: a 1925 30/98 OE with a Wensum body. Lower left: a 1936 12hp DY, Britain's first popular car to have independent front suspension. Lower right: a 1938 25hp GY with Wingham Cabriolet bodywork. This page, immediately below: a 1925 30/98 OE Velox four-seater, probably the most popular form of the 30/98. Bottom: a 1933 Cadet VX 26hp. The cars appeared in a Vauxhall commemorative display this year at Luton.



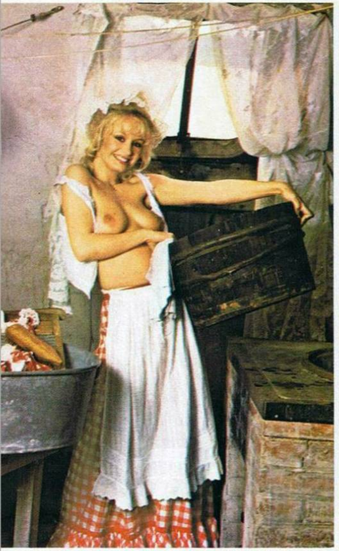


Teri in the tub

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HUBERT BLUME



Most of us at some time or another have a longing to shrug off our centrally-heated, hot-and-cold-running-water, wall-to-wall-carpeted environment and return to the more basic, yet cozy, pleasures of yesteryear. Of evenings around a crackling log fire, of heating water on a wood stove for a long, soaking bath after a hard day. Add to that a mild dash of exhibitionism and a *Mayfair* photographer and you have the eye-catching results on these pages. Twenty-two year old Teri Morton is just such a girl. 'I've always had this fantasy of being a pioneer-woman, perhaps in the American west, and making myself a steaming hot bath in a tub, stripping naked, and luxuriating there while, unbeknown to me, all the men folk around look on.'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Ten

Given today's permissive climate and pace of life, the pressures on a marriage from both without and within are considerable. So, it is little wonder that such a high percentage – twenty-five – of marriages are destined to fail. Last month Quest investigated the real traumas divorce can cause a woman through her new sexual vulnerability. But what of the divorced man? Though less emotionally entangled, perhaps, and less vulnerable sexually, the divorced man is nevertheless susceptible to the same fears of loneliness and sudden loss of his sex-life, as a woman. It is this little understood area of male sexuality that Quest investigates – this month.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Psychologist, 33 years old, town of origin Lancaster**

This – male – interviewee had married at the age of 25 and was divorced three years later. He had no children. At the age of 31 he remarried. He worked in the personnel department of a large Midlands firm.

Quest: What was the initial effect of your separation from your first wife?

Psychologist: Euphoria – pure, blinding relief! A marvellous feeling of release that it was all over. After a year of things getting steadily worse and worse, and hanging on and hanging on in the hope that something eventually had to get better – suddenly I didn't have to care a damn any more.

Quest: What followed on from that?

Psychologist: In actions, you mean? I went berserk. Looking back, I don't think that's an exaggeration. It was sort of bacchanal; you see, my wife and I had hardly touched each other for nine months. I just remembered what it was like being randy again. And randiness begets randiness – it's a well-observed effect. The more you want sex the more likely you are to get it. I went on a sexual binge. Actually it was most uncharacteristic; normally I'm very loyal – I never committed adultery, for example while I was first married.

Quest: What did you actually do?

Psychologist: My wife announced that she was leaving at the end of the week – which didn't exactly make for a happy week – but that Saturday we'd both been invited to a friend's party. So the night after she'd left – she was going to her parents to break the news before moving in with a girlfriend – I decided to go on my own. I didn't expect anything to happen – it just seemed silly to stay away. But as soon as I got there it was marvellous. Two couples I'd known from university were there – that cheered me up a lot to start with. In fact there was one particular girl I'd always fancied – she'd married the one wealthy member of our set; we'd flirted vaguely at college but she'd been very glamorous and slightly intimidating as far as I was concerned – more importantly she was my height which made her taller in shoes, which had ruled her out for me. But now we seemed to get on famously – she was talking about some fashion modelling she was doing. Then there was a girl on her own with the other couple I knew – nothing very special – but available, and it seemed obvious for us to move together. I started to remember how good it could be to have a mildly flirtatious conversation with someone you weren't married to. That's how closed-in the previous year had been. By about ten thirty I was very pleasantly oiled and I offered to get this woman a drink.

Quest: Did you think about her in bed terms?

Psychologist: No, not at all. It was very

So when Teri let us into her secret and asked to be a *Mayfair* maid, it seemed only right that we should let you in on it too. 'I'm not a flasher in real life,' explains Teri, as she sponges her 36 inch bosom (she has accompanying statistics of 22–34, by the way), 'it's just that I sometimes wish I could show my body off, but in a controlled situation like through *Mayfair*. I haven't got enough courage to even go bra-less normally. But my body is reasonable don't you think? I do often fantasise about being watched in the tub – not that I would realise, of course – and it makes me go tingly all over, knowing that men would want to see me nude.' And after her photo session? Teri just wrapped herself in a towel. A Teri towel, of course!

curious – I wasn't thinking ahead at all. I remember fighting for the drinks – the place was bulging at the seams – and squeezing back into the hall, but the room I'd come out of seemed absolutely jammed. So I leaned back against what I thought was the banister. In fact it turned out to be this girl called Stevie – a very attractive redhead, wearing the sort of deep halter neck dress you expect on someone cuddling up to a brand new fiancé or sugar daddy, though she seemed to be on her own. It was a very odd introduction – very snappy dialogue: for a start I'd almost crushed her and messed up her dress so without thinking I started to straighten it out, which ended up in a slightly randy chat about boobs. In the end I offered her my spare drink. It's curious how some relationships are instantly sexual. The words are meaningless. She said, 'I must go up to the bathroom.' I said, 'Do you want a hand?' She said: 'Where do you intend putting it?' It was very nice. So within five minutes of meeting her we were going upstairs.

Quest: To have sex?

Psychologist: If I'd thought about it, I'd probably have ruined it. All I felt was enormously confident, and very jolly. There was a queue for the loo, so we tagged onto the end. Then I noticed a door at the bottom of the hallway – there was no one down that way, and mumbled something about, 'I wonder where this leads?' I was quite blotto. She said, 'Where are you going?' It was all so obviously a set-up: I remember everyone in the queue looking at us and grinning. But Stevie and I were grinning too, and we suddenly found ourselves tripping over coats in this pitch dark bedroom. Stumbling about I managed to shut the door and then I held onto her, firstly just to stand up. But she didn't move away so I leaned down and kissed her. That was very enjoyable. She said, 'You're a fast worker, aren't you?' I said it was just an impulse and anyway no one saw; nobody would come in. And I saw her grinning in the dim light and she said, 'Well, we better not waste any time, had we?' And honestly I thought at that time I was in for a heavy snogging session at most. So we started, quite energetically, and toppled sideways onto the piles of coats on the bed. That was when I found her halter neck had slipped and one breast had popped out. My first thought was to pop it back in and I lifted my hand up to touch it and as I did there was a great gasp from her and I could feel the nipple was really thick and hard. So I leaned down and kissed it, and the next minute we were writhing all over the bed. Then she stopped and I thought that was it. But she'd twisted her dress and I lifted up while she fumbled at the back, cursing about the zip. Then it all slipped free and I saw these incredible breasts, all pale and firm and heavy in the dim light; even that dress hadn't shown them off to best effect. She said, 'Oh God, that's better –' And that was the first time I thought we were actually going to do it.

Quest: Have intercourse?

Psychologist: A very old-fashioned attitude. You never think ladies are actually going to let you. So I began licking and kissing these incredible breasts; she started panting again and clawing at my trousers, so I pulled a hand free and plucked at my belt, and suddenly her hands were there, jerking at my zip. She was saying, 'Oh quick, quick, before anyone comes.' I thought of a comment but I didn't say anything. Then she was dragging my trousers and pants over my bottom while I had my hand under her dress – tiny, tiny knickers there which were very wet. Then my cock was free and I had this insane desire to rub it between her breasts – my first wife was very small-chested. So I pulled myself astride higher up, pushing my cock down; only she obviously misunderstood and immediately squirmed down and caught hold of me, pushed my cock into her mouth. And then the door opened.

Quest: And?

Psychologist: Thinking back it makes me cringe; at the time I was too worked up to do more than register it. A girl's voice said, 'I'll just see if he's in here.' Then I realised it was Hilary – my friend's wife. She said, 'Oh!' But she didn't go. And at that moment Stevie realised we were being watched. She started moaning, 'Oh Christ, oh Jesus!' Pushing me off and trying to slip on her top and get up all at the same time. I just collapsed on the coats. Stevie murmured, 'Where's that bloody loo? My boyfriend'll kill me.' And left. End of romance, I thought, and started to pull up my trousers again. That was when the door opened and shut and I looked up and saw Hilary, looking down at me very quizzically. I saw my Y-fronts weren't doing a very good cover up, so I pulled at them again. Hilary said, 'Don't mind me.' I stared at her, thinking, 'Can I do anything wrong tonight? Surely not . . ?' Then she said, 'And I thought you were such a good boy, David.' So I said, 'You sound as if you're not.' Then she grinned and said, 'It depends.' And I jumped on her. No excuses, not much forethought either. It really was like a wet dream. I pulled her down on the coats and told her I'd always fancied her rotten. She laughed – but didn't pull away, so I ran my hands up and down her body – she had on a very tight satiny kind of gown, ankle length with a loop over her cleavage. She said, 'You don't take no for an answer, do you?' and put her hand over mine as I reached her pubes. I just said, 'I haven't asked yet,' and slipped my hand under the hem of her gown, and up her legs. Then she shivered and gasped and I felt the edge of her knickers and a tight curl of rough hair peeping out one side. She said, 'I hope you're good at quickies.' And she moved her hip sideways and wiggled her bum. And that was it. I was dragging her gown up, squeezing her bum and her boobs at the same time. She was grabbing at my trousers – I don't know how my zip survived the evening. Then her gown was bunched up round her waist and the cheeks of her bottom were peeping out of her knickers. I jerked them down, spread her legs and went straight in. She said,' You bastard – I didn't expect that.' By then my cock was sticking out between her legs, rubbing up and down the length of her crack and she reached down and pressed it against herself, and then eased her bottom up and I went in. If she hadn't been expecting it she didn't show much evidence – it was a definite quickie, very fast and furious – I think I was quite rough but bloody marvellous while we were at it. I'm sure half the house heard the grunting, then she squealed and slumped forward as I came. And then we heard someone outside and the door rattling, and jumped up at once. As soon as it was quiet again, she said, 'You're bloody marvellous,' kissed me and disappeared.

Quest: And the relationship continued?

Psychologist: No; she rang me at work and said my friend was going away on a trip – they lived in the Midlands. But I made some excuse. Guilt had set in by then. But I tracked down Stevie again and met another girl through her. And then some woman at work. Then my friend, Hilary's husband, rang up very serious-sounding and claimed I was having an affair with her – God knows what provoked that. I can't imagine it was pique on her behalf. I assumed it was camouflage to cover another of her indiscretions – she was apparently quite available. Then I had an argument with Stevie's girlfriend; and the bubble burst. It was extraordinary. I didn't even kiss a woman for six months. A total pariah as far as women were concerned. Then I met Jan, my present wife, and I've been happy with her since.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Publicist, brunette, single, 25 years old, town of origin Edinburgh**

This interviewee, a bright, cheerful girl, obtained her present job – where her skill and personality have led to rapid advancement – shortly after leaving university. She lives with her boyfriend.

Quest: Before we start, can I establish whether the man you live with is in fact the person with whom you had the affair we've been discussing?

Publicist: Yes he is. We've been together for about eighteen months now.

Quest: How did you meet?

Publicist: Through work. Derek's one of our clients.

Quest: Did you know about his marital status when you first met?

Publicist: Of course not. I mean you don't immediately delve into a person's private life on first meeting them do you?

Quest: When did you realise then that his marriage was in difficulty?

Publicist: About a month after I first met him. I'd called round to his office to show him some papers and while we were discussing them, he got a phone call. I didn't know who it was from of course, but I could see that the conversation was annoying him. In the end he got very tetchy and rang off quite abruptly. He asked me if I was married and when I replied that I wasn't he said something about not bothering and it wasn't worth it.

Quest: What was your reaction?

Publicist: I was a bit embarrassed actually, because at the time I *did* have a boyfriend whom I was planning to marry. I asked him what he meant by what he'd said and then *he* seemed to get embarrassed and muttered something about not wanting to bore me with his problems.

Quest: So that gave you an inkling all wasn't well with him.

Publicist: Yes. Eventually of course, over the next couple of weeks, I got the full picture. He was always reluctant to talk about it, but me with my healthy curiosity, or nosiness – call it what you will – gradually wormed it out of him. His marriage was on the point of breaking up and he was trying to cope with all the attendant problems that went with it.

Quest: What prompted this curiosity on your part? Was it friendly, sympathetic interest, or did it go further?

Publicist: In other words, did I fancy him. I don't know. Not at first, I don't think. I mean he's not your archetypal fanciable male – not that he's bad-looking, I hasten to add – but I enjoyed his company and used to quite look forward to seeing him, even if it was just work.

Quest: Do you think he was attracted to you?

Publicist: Well our meetings invariably got stretched to include a lunch which were generally quite cheerful boozy affairs. We talked a lot and made each other laugh.

Quest: But no sexual advances?

Publicist: We were discussing over lunch one day whether married men do in fact make the best lovers. I'd had an affair with a married man which got a bit messy when his wife found out, so I was inclined to disagree with him. Derek on the other hand thought that because married men were unlikely to be that demanding on a girl's time they made ideal lovers. It didn't take long for the conversation to turn from generalities to specifics after that. He said that he'd probably be a lousy lover because of all his current hassles. I told him, jokingly of course, that I was sure he'd be marvellous and he sort of smiled and said we ought to put our theories to the test sometime.

Quest: How did you react to that remark?

Publicist: You didn't have to be that perceptive to know that he wasn't really joking and although he'd made the remark in a fairly bantering tone he was waiting to see what my answer was. I told him he had enough problems on his plate without me adding to them. Don't forget I had a steady boyfriend too at the time. He smiled and said he'd raise the subject again when he was free of encumbrances.

Quest: Which presumably he did.

Publicist: About three months later. I got a call from him one afternoon. He asked me if I fancied spending the evening with a separated married man. I asked what he meant and he told me he'd at last left his wife and was living in a small flat he'd found for himself. I was surprised, but pleasantly so, because a great many men say they're going to leave their wives, but not many of them actually do so.

Quest: Do you think you were instrumental in Derek's leaving his wife?

Publicist: I don't think I was the prime cause, because his marriage was bad before he even knew me. I might have helped things along though.

Quest: And you accepted his invitation?

Publicist: Yes, like a shot. Having had a little time to think, I realised that I did want to go to bed with him.

Quest: When did you?

Publicist: Not that quickly, funnily enough. I wanted to be totally sure in my own mind that it was really me he wanted and not just a quick poke with an anonymous body. I was afraid that once I'd let him I might not see him again.

Quest: But you went to bed with him in the end?

Publicist: Yes.

Quest: And?

Publicist: Well it was very good. Surprisingly good. It released a side of Derek that I hadn't seen before because normally he was a fairly cynical sort of person, but in bed he was warm and tender and affectionate. Everything a good lover should be. I'm always a bit uneasy about first times because there's a new body beside you and you don't know what turns him on and all the rest of it, and I was afraid it might not be good for either of us from a sort of emotional stand-point.

Quest: But it was good though.

Publicist: Yes indeed. I'd seen him, I don't know, a couple of times I suppose since he'd left his wife and sex had been bubbling under the surface, if you know what I mean. As I told you, I wanted to go to bed with him and I guess I teased him quite a bit during that interim period. I wanted to spin it out. I find it all very hard to explain.

Quest: Please go on.

Publicist: If the truth be known I'm a natural flirt. I enjoy it. I think it's fun. I was flirting with Derek really to see how much he'd take before he ripped all my clothes off. He was very patient though. I must have seemed a prize cow to him by leading him on then letting him down, but in the end I was the one who gave in. I'd let it go on far enough. He was round at my place and we'd had a few drinks and I had on this robe which kept on giving him 'accidental' flashes of thigh and boob. I didn't have much on underneath – just a pair of knickers. He sat there quite calmly taking it all in while I went further and further in trying to provoke some kind of reaction from him. Eventually he got up and said 'Look, this is all just plain silly. We both want to go to bed, so why don't we?' I'd been expecting some big torrid scene on the floor, so this rather matter-of-fact statement threw me a bit. I just nodded and we sort of ambled into the bedroom. I was feeling very apprehensive because this was 'it', if you know what I mean. He lay down beside me and slipped a hand inside my robe and started stroking my boobs. They're very sensitive and I hate having them mauled about, but Derek seemed to know this instinctively. He was very gently playing with my nipples, making them go hard. Then he ran his hand down my tummy, opening up the robe as he did so, and eased it under the waistband of my knicks. I was feeling terribly trembly, to

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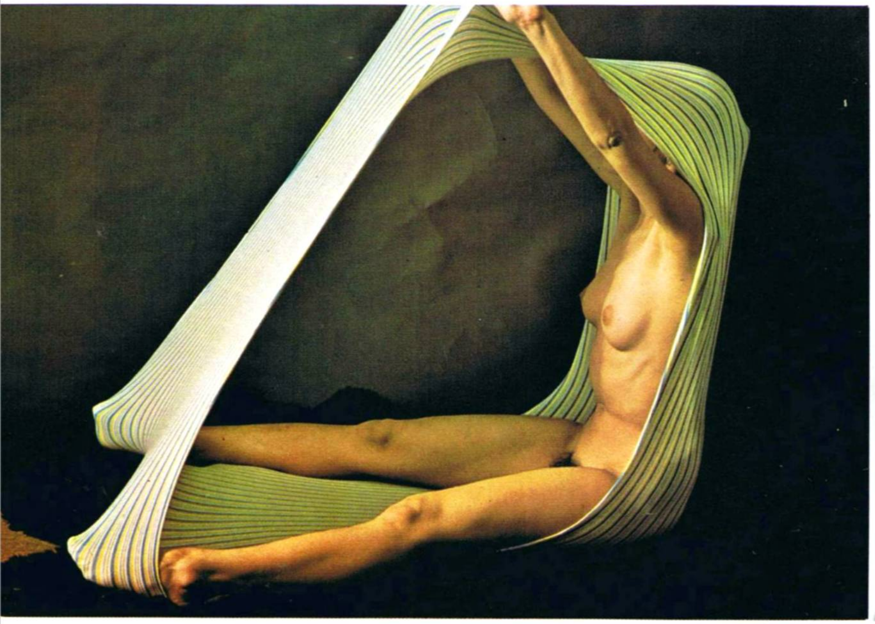
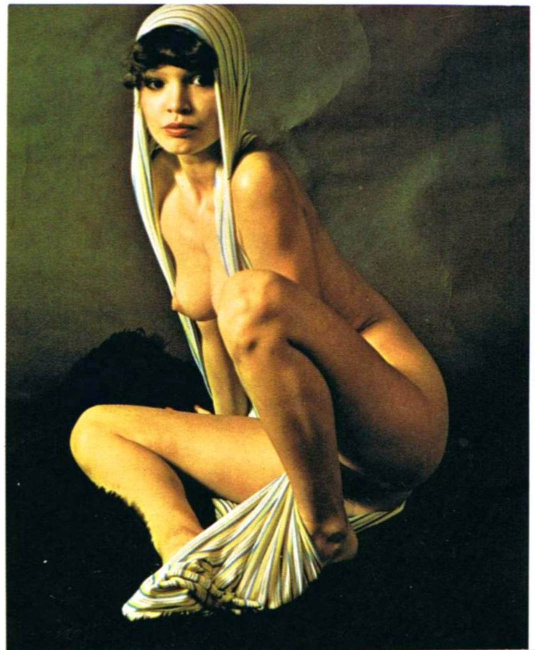




Marianne and her Möbius strip

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN SASS

As Professor August Ferdinand Möbius (1790–1868) described so succinctly in his posthumous memoir to the French Academy the Möbius strip is an excellent party game. Take a thin strip of paper, twist it once and glue the ends together. Now draw a line down the middle of the strip until you reach your starting point. What do you have? An unbroken line which never crosses from one side of the strip to the other yet which contrives to be on both sides of the paper. Which brings us to Marianne.

tell you the truth. I hadn't laid a finger on him yet and he was doing all these super things to me. I told him to get undressed and while he took off his clothes I slipped into bed. I can't tell you what it was like feeling his body next to mine. That lovely hardness of his cock pressing into me. I burrowed down and gave it a friendly little kiss. He's got a nice one. Perfectly ordinary in every respect. Not some great bloated monster, but a kissable, suckable cock. While I was doing that, I could feel him fingering me. My knickers were long gone by then. I could feel his finger just easing in and out of my slit. When he actually put his cock in, it was like an atomic explosion. I think I screamed. He told me afterwards that I had. I just lost myself. I can't sit here clinically saying 'He did this, then he did that' because it's all a blur now. He gave me a fantastic orgasm, that I do know and I could feel him pumping inside me as he came. It was beautiful. Then afterwards he was warm and affectionate and didn't roll over and go to sleep like a lot of men do.

Quest: So married men *do* make the best lovers.

Publicist: He was, and is, great for me. There were a lot of factors that contributed to the break-up of his marriage, but it's something he doesn't like to talk about much. Maybe I give him something his wife didn't. I don't really know. Maybe it started as being a kick for him to celebrate his new-found freedom, but it's certainly grown into something more than just a one-shot thrill.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Mechanic, 36 years old, town of origin Dunstable**

This – male – interviewee married at the age of twenty and separated fourteen years later. There are three children from the marriage. He now lives with his eldest son.

Quest: You seem to have taken some time getting back in circulation.

Mechanic: It's not as simple as all that, not when you've got a young boy to bring up. He's at a very delicate age, I just couldn't start bringing home a constant stream of strange women.

Quest: Is that the only reason?

Mechanic: The main reason, yes. But you're right, there is another. I'm basically very shy and I *do* have difficulty talking to girls. It's all to do with being hurt – rejected, and that I can't take.

Quest: But you did overcome these inhibitions?

Mechanic: I had to. It was the most agonising time of my life, when Sue took the kids and walked out. We had had a very active sex life and when that is cut off, it's pure frustration. It wasn't difficult to control for the first few months: I suppose I was wallowing a bit in my own self-pity and that took my mind off sex. And of course there was the general worry about what to do with the house, paying the mortgage and getting custody of the kids. In the end we came to a solution. I would have the eldest to live with me and she would have the two girls.

Quest: Was sex with Sue satisfactory.

Mechanic: At the time I thought it was.

Quest: But now . . .

Mechanic: But now I realise that after the first year or so there was very little there. In fact when I had my little hate sessions I used to kid myself that she used to just be there like a great white whale. Very uncharitable I know, but not too far off the truth. No, I'm being nasty again. The point I'm trying to make is that there's sex and there's sex, isn't there?

Quest: How often did you do it?

Mechanic: Irregularly in the latter stages of the relationship, perhaps once a week.

Quest: What release did you find for your sexual needs once the relationship had finished?

Mechanic: For a time I had no need, as I said, there were other things to occupy my mind, but then over a period of a few months the gnawing loneliness and boredom set in. Of course there was David to worry about and fuss over but no one to hold a real adult conversation with, except at work. After a few months when I found the cravings for sex too much I used to bring myself off. I used to feel quite dirty doing it, like a pubescent schoolboy again, but then it was the only release.

Quest: And afterwards?

Mechanic: I gradually got myself straight. I went through a couple of phases like my 'I never want to be tied down again' phase, but they didn't last long. But I was lucky in that I had lots of friends who were trying to help me.

Quest: How so?

Mechanic: Oh, trying to get me to go out more and arranging dinner parties where – just by chance, wouldn't you know – there'd be a fourth guest: an unattached female. They meant well, but it was so obvious, and I felt a little uneasy.

Quest: How often did these encounters take place?

Mechanic: Once a month or so I suppose – different people, but in the end I began to take it as a joke and would ask beforehand who they'd got lined up for me and whether she had big tits? No, in truth it only happened three times in all.

Quest: Were the evenings successes?

Mechanic: The food was good, the conversation a bit stilted but enjoyable.

Quest: Did you have sex with any of the girls?

Mechanic: That's when I started to hit my 'purple patch'.

Quest: What do you mean?

Mechanic: For the first time things started to go right for me – womenwise. The first girl was not really my type – I suppose I could have boffed her if I'd have tried, but for some unknown reason I backed away. Besides, it was so embarrassing – especially when it became time to leave and everyone knew it was up to me to offer to drive her home. You could sense the 'you'll be all right tonight mate,' looks. But third of these god-dammed affairs I met Barbara. She was a friend of Jean and Mike's – I've known Mike for years and he's a great bloke – and she really was a knock-out: dark haired, about five feet two and with this incredible pair of knockers that just hung there defying gravity. I lusted after her body from the minute I laid eyes on her. I just couldn't stop looking at her and her tits. She just smiled back at me. The evening went very well – the best of these sort of things I've been to; we all had a good laugh and quietly got sozzled. At one stage in the evening I went into the kitchen to take some plates through and Jean followed me in and whispered in my ear that Barbara fancied me. It was flattering of course but I realised it had all been cooked up. They'd obviously filled Barbara in on my position, and she was having a rough time men-wise, I found out later.

Quest: You were confident of getting her into bed?

Mechanic: It was just a feeling I had – you can usually tell something like that, can't you? I mean that you're going to hit it off.

Quest: And you did?

Mechanic: At about eleven o'clock Barbara started making gestures about leaving and catching the last tube back – she only lived four or five miles away, so I did what was expected, stepped in and offered to drive her home. That agreed, we settled back down to some risqué jokes and lots of laughing and falling about.

Quest: Where were you seated?

Mechanic: Barbara and I were on the sofa and Jean and Mike in armchairs. Barbara had her hand on my leg and squeezed my thigh when she thought the others weren't looking.

Quest: And when you drove her home?

Mechanic: David – that's my boy – was staying with his friend that evening so I took her back to my place. We were kissing as soon as we got through the door – she just draped herself round me, pushing those beautiful mounds into my chest and forcing her tongue deep into my mouth. It was beautiful to be feeling a woman again.

Quest: And you went to bed?

Mechanic: Not straight away. We just collapsed on the floor – it was so urgent and I just tore at her blouse, and there they were, I went down on them and started playing with them with my tongue and massaging them at the same time. And before long she was moaning a little and just said 'Do it, do it to me, fuck me,' and with that it was a mad scramble to get my trousers down and John T out. She hadn't responded by touching me, but she was begging me to enter her and my prick felt so huge and I eased her knickers down and entered her. It was heaven again. I came after a minute or two but it didn't matter, we took things more coolly and went to bed where we made love all night.

Quest: And other women followed?

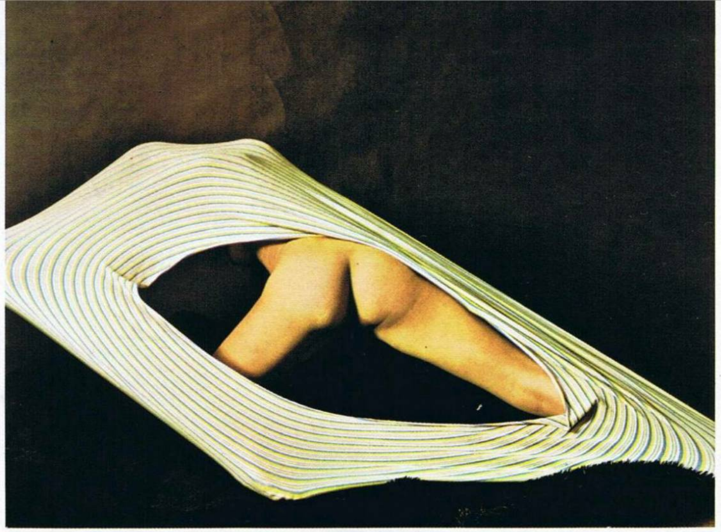
Mechanic: I think that that was all it needed – something to restore my confidence a bit. I still see Barbara and we're great friends. I've been to bed with four or five other girls, too.

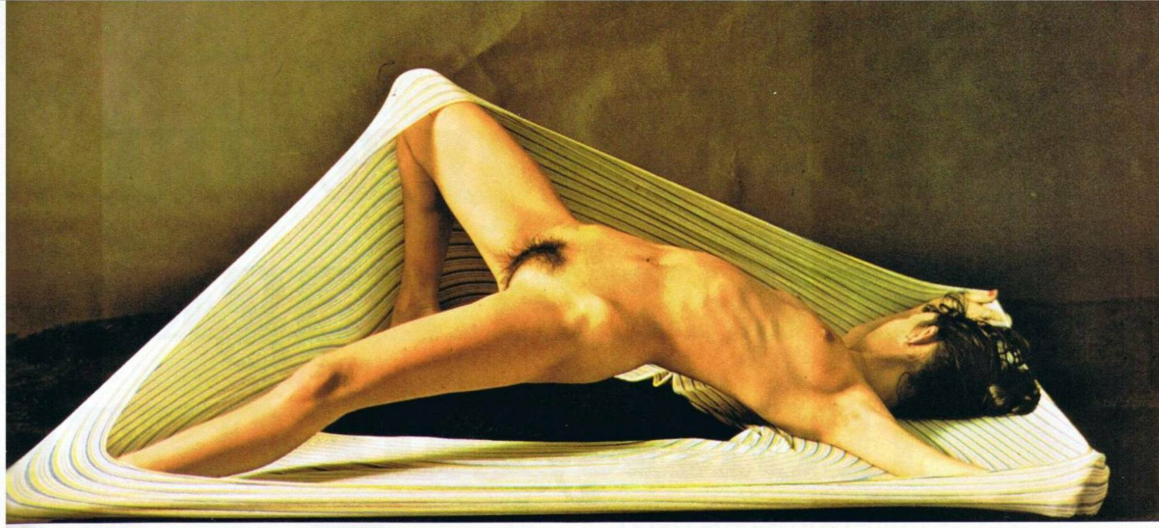
Quest: Are you seeking another permanent relationship?

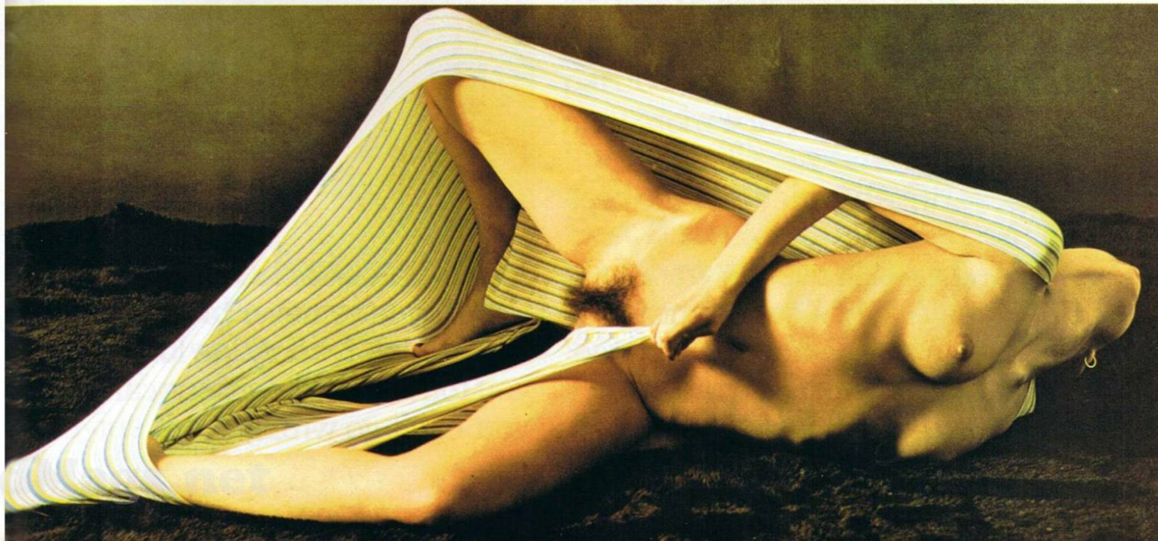
Mechanic: I don't think so somehow. I think I'll continue making up for lost time.

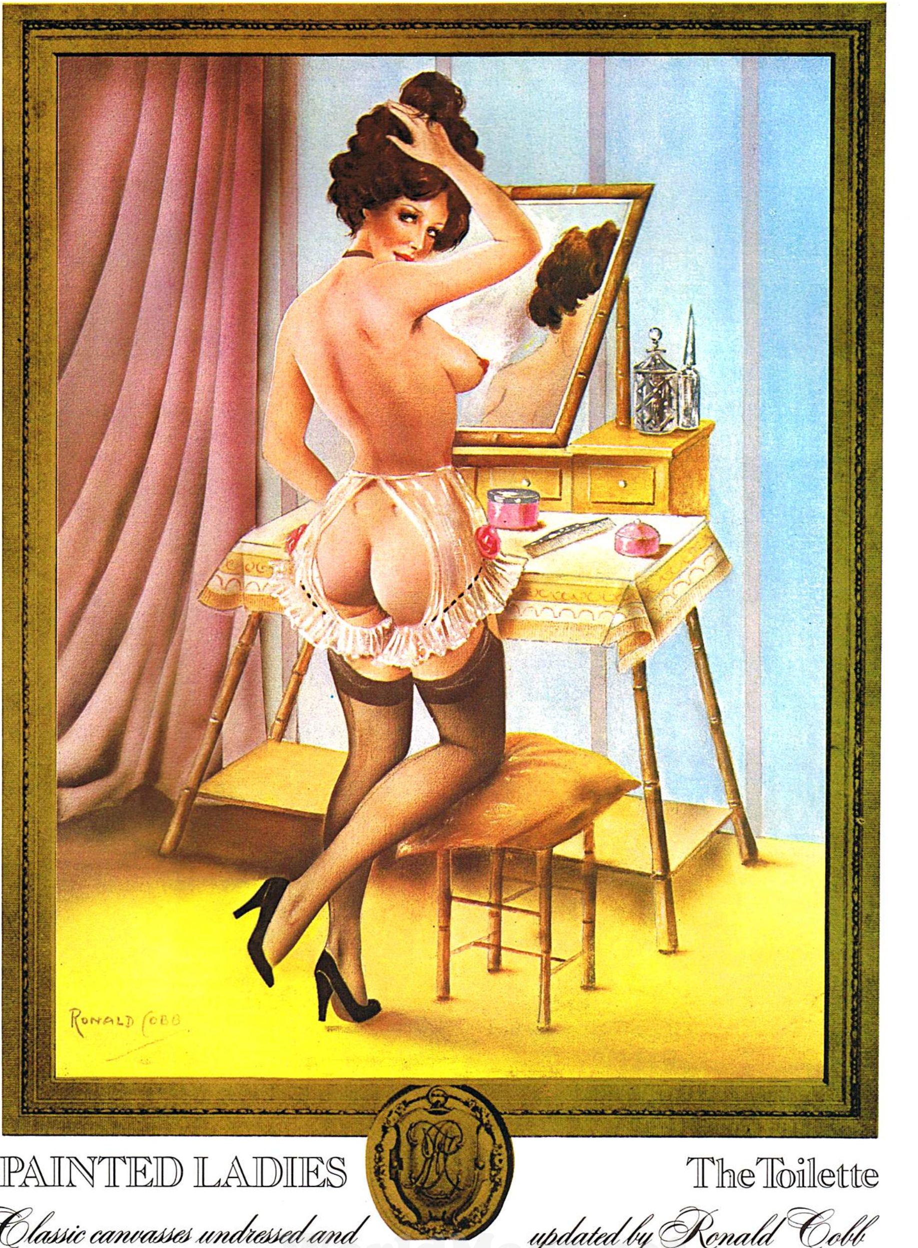
Quest: Thank you.

Five feet 2 inch, 34–23–34-inch, 19-year-old Marianne Teal, to be exact, a young lady whose 'A' Level maths expertise prompted us to do some heavy topological thinking. Since it is the lot of all magazine publishers to present two-dimensional pictures of even the most curvy three-dimensional figures – and no one has quite managed to create a completely convincing printed three-D picture – we decided to employ some mathematical sleight of hand. If Prof Möbius with his strip had succeeded in proving that an obviously three-dimensional strip of paper was in fact only two-dimensional, then why shouldn't we do the reverse with a much more appealing object – Marianne. So, with the aid of a handy ring of towel – being a good deal stronger than paper – we set about teasing our model into her very own Möbius strip, and the effect – we're sure you'll agree – is more than a little intriguing. Is Marianne inside or outside the ring? Doesn't she leap out the page at you? Herr Möbius would surely approve.





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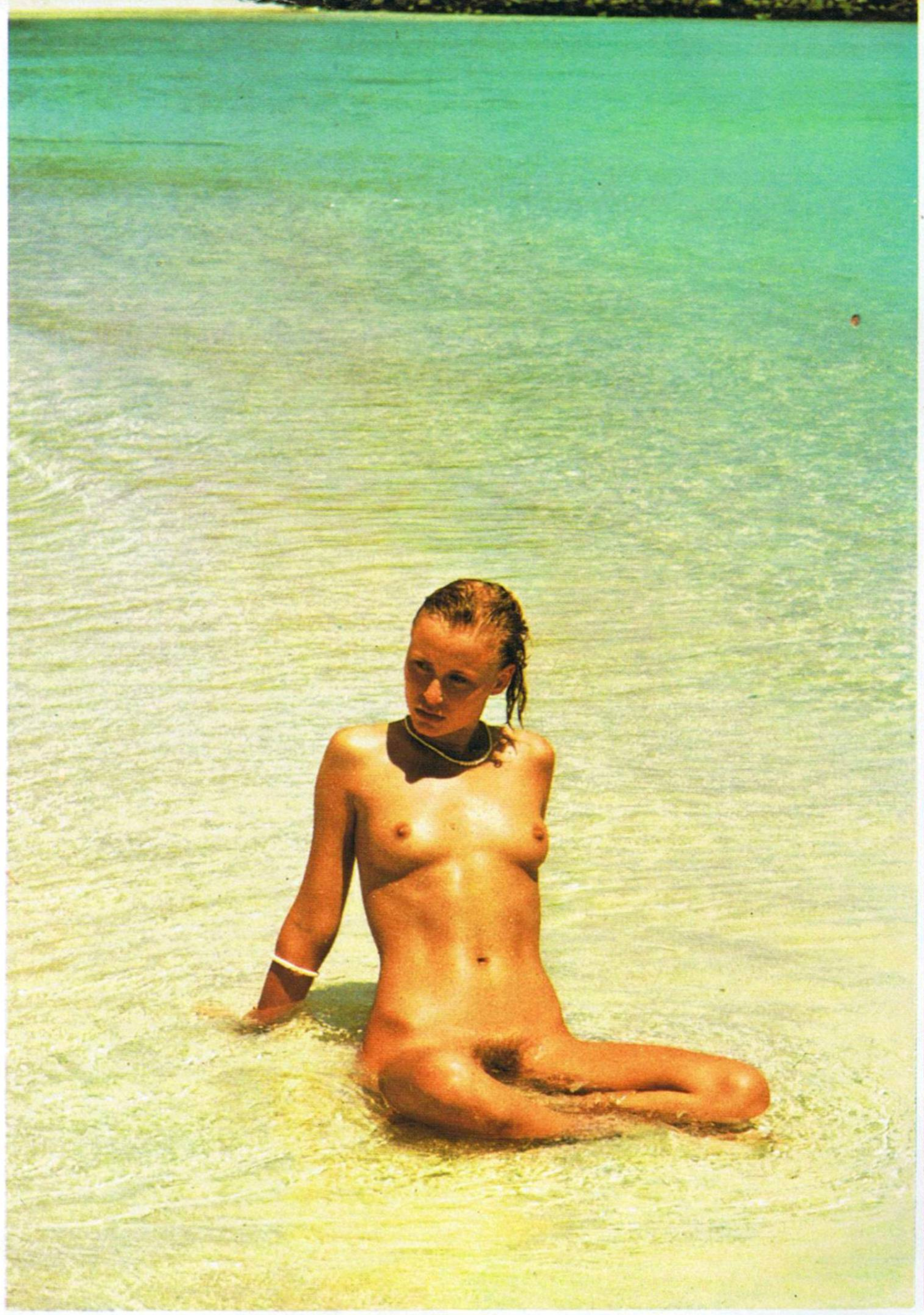
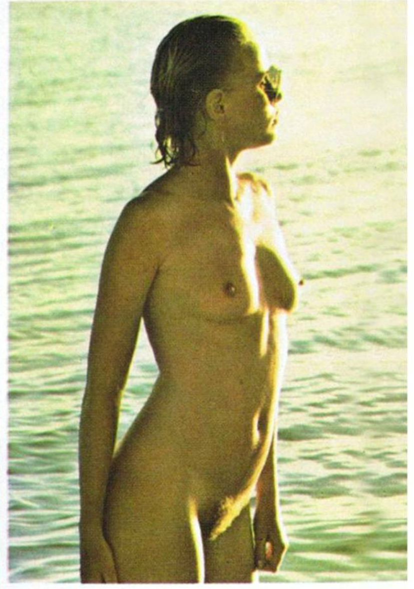
PAINTED LADIES

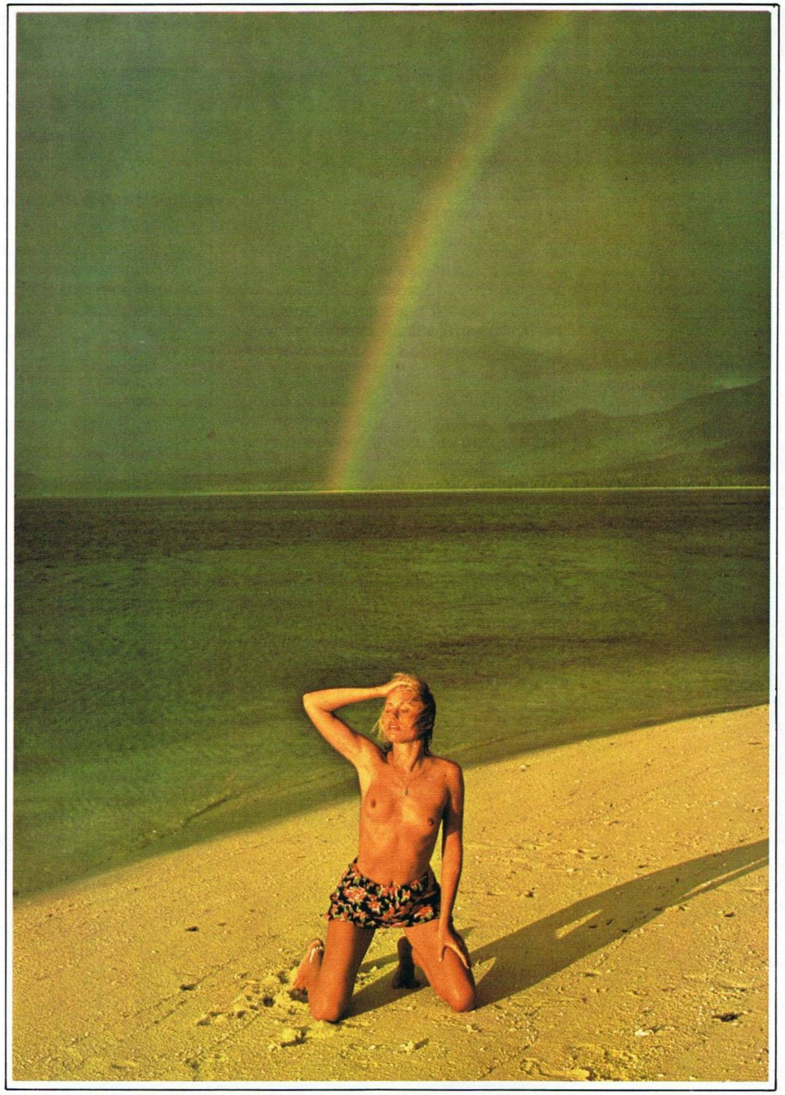
The Toilette

Classic canvasses undressed and updated by Ronald Cobb





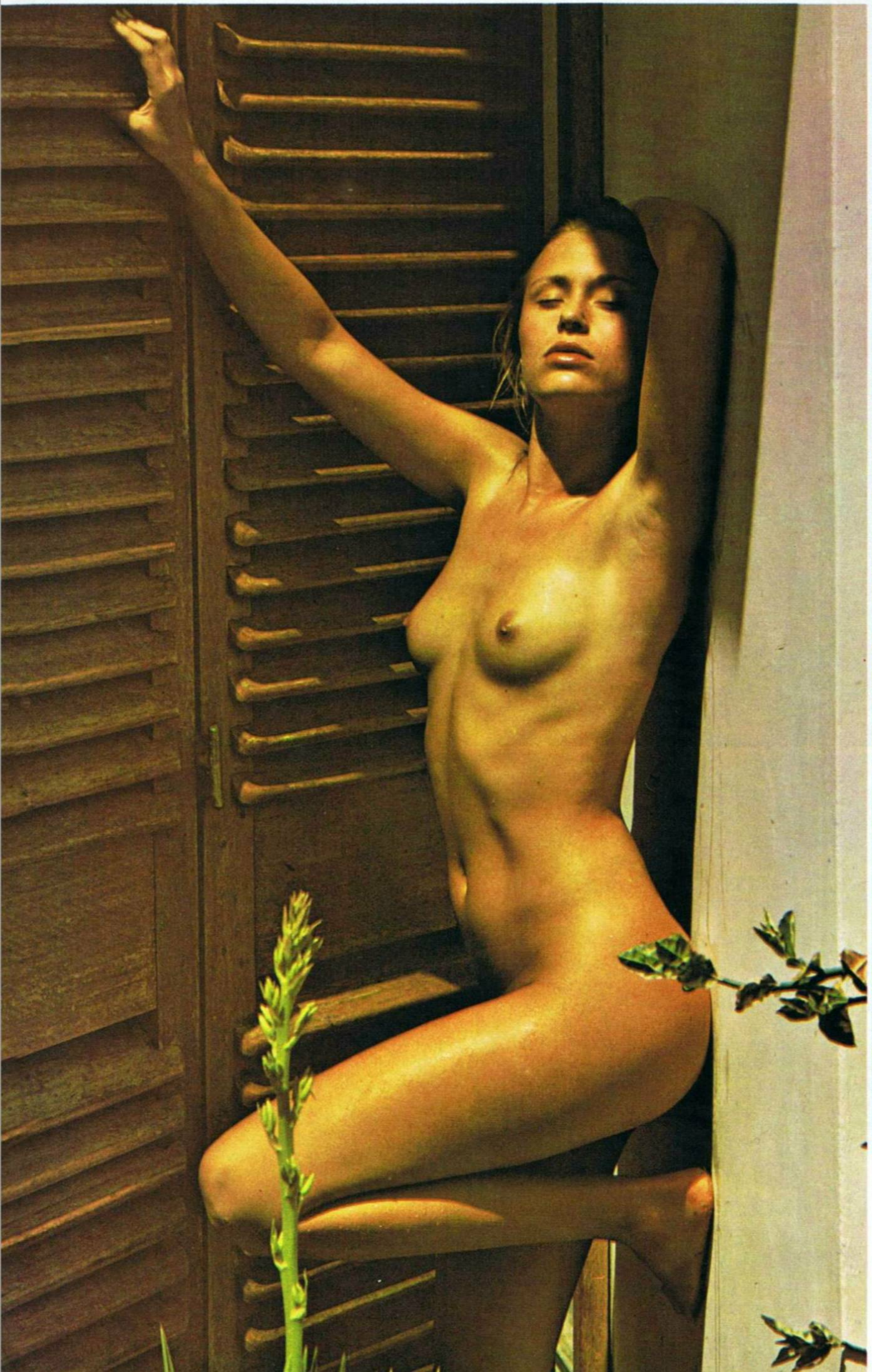
So whose views carry the most, ah, weight? 'Well,' says Belinda, 'I'm sure that a great many men do fancy girls like Franky, but equally as many – perhaps even more – like the kind of figure I've got. Slim and sexy. I can get away with wearing very daring clothes like ultra-tight shorts and see-through tops which wouldn't look that good if I were bigger.' A smile. 'Besides, I've never had very many complaints from boyfriends and no matter what Franky and I might say about ourselves, it's really the opinion of men that matters in the long run, isn't it?' A thought unlikely to appeal to women's libbers, but still true.



BELINDA

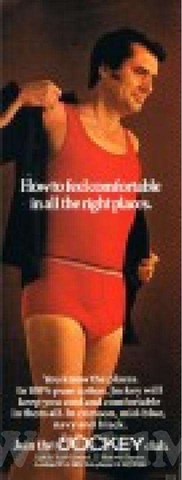
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEL MOREAU

Earlier in this issue, we heard the views of Franky Martin who opined that in her experience, men preferred plump, cuddly girls like herself. Not surprisingly though Franky's comments made little impact on the ultra-slim 34–22–34 shape of 19-year-old Belinda Neal who says laughingly of herself: 'If I stood sideways-on you wouldn't be able to see me at all!' A grin. 'That's maybe a slight exaggeration, but you get the point I'm trying to make.'



While we leave you to decide which example of the female form you find more pleasurable, (and doubtless you won't be slow in letting us know *your* views on the matter), we return to the somewhat unlikely combination of Belinda and a wheelbarrow. 'Don't let anyone tell you that modelling is easy,' she gasps, 'this is more like manual labour. Still,' she brightens, 'exercise is good for the figure.' Belinda pauses to mop a gently perspiring brow. 'These tropical assignments raise your temperature in more ways than one.' A cheeky grin. 'Thank heavens I'm not modelling fur coats. It's all much nicer nude, don't you agree with me?'

LETTERS


How to feel comfortable in all the right places.
JOCKEY

LETTERS

[illegible]

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LETTERS

continued from page 23

thirty-five, has lots of charm and good looks. For some time I had wanted to know and conquer John (name changed). Perhaps because he had been too self-assured and distant, though he was always courteous and pleasant. He had occasion to speak to me several times a day, yet seemed scarcely aware of me. I found this irritating, and sometimes fantasised about having him stripped, tied up obscenely, setting his buttocks afire with a rod or paddle and making him lick my feet, pussy and bottom.

One day he stopped me as I was leaving the office for lunch, and told me he had been stood-up on a lunch date with a client, and asked me if I would care to join him.

My heart quickened. I accepted his invitation and off we went. Lunch stretched into two hours; we decided the office could get along without us. For a while, our conversation was conventional but as we found common interests in music, literature, travel, the theatre and so on, we grew more confidential. Several Martinis helped a lot. Finally, he gave me an opening for the subject uppermost in my mind. 'I see on the personnel records that you are single,' he commented. 'That is unusual for such a beautiful and intelligent girl. Have you ever been married?'

'No,' I said. 'I'm too independent for most men. I want them on my terms only.'

A startled look came on his face. 'Oh? What are those terms?' I shook my head. 'Oh, no – you'd be shocked. I believe that the woman is superior.'

John's face flushed and his eyes searched my face. 'My God, are you talking about business or sex?'

'Especially sex,' I said. 'I think men are fit to be slaves. I think you'd make a good slave.'

He was perspiring in a cool room, and his hands trembled as he fumbled his drink. 'I —uh, what makes you say that?'

I knew I had him, but I led him on, teasingly and sensually, and he began to make admissions about his vulnerability. Within ten minutes he had broken down and told me the story of his shameful secret life. I was first excited and stimulated – and then disappointed. Another woman had already had him!

He had been living, unmarried, with a woman named Gail for three years. They had met at a bar and had gone together for several weeks, indulging in some conventional sex which had been satisfactory but not great.

Somehow she learned, or sensed, that he had a well-hidden weakness for cross-dressing but had not indulged in it since a few experiences in his youth. She brought out this latent urge for transvestism and encouraged him to dress up in her presence. He found delight and fulfilment in letting her guide him, help choose his pretty things, teach him make-up and wig care, coach him in feminine movements and mannerisms. The shared interest was so potent that soon they moved into an apartment together. Then, complained John, she began spinning a web round him. Cross-dressing fuelled the smouldering female inside him and make him more submissive, while it stimulated Gail to greater aggressiveness. She exploited his weaknesses cleverly. He had to live as a woman more and more at home, assigned household chores, reading female supremacy literature, ordered to keep his body smooth and hairless.

Psychologically she pressed him to accept the docile role in sex until he really found himself unable to get an erection. Gail led him into bondage, discipline, humiliation, water sports, advanced cunnilingus and analingus. She was secretly giving him medications used by doctors in sex change cases. His breasts grew larger and more sensitive, his organ smaller, his figure in subtle ways more feminine.

I was stimulated and excited by his confession, and probed for more details. By now the restaurant was almost deserted, and no one paid any attention to us, so brashly I unbuttoned his shirt and put my hand inside. He made a feeble effort

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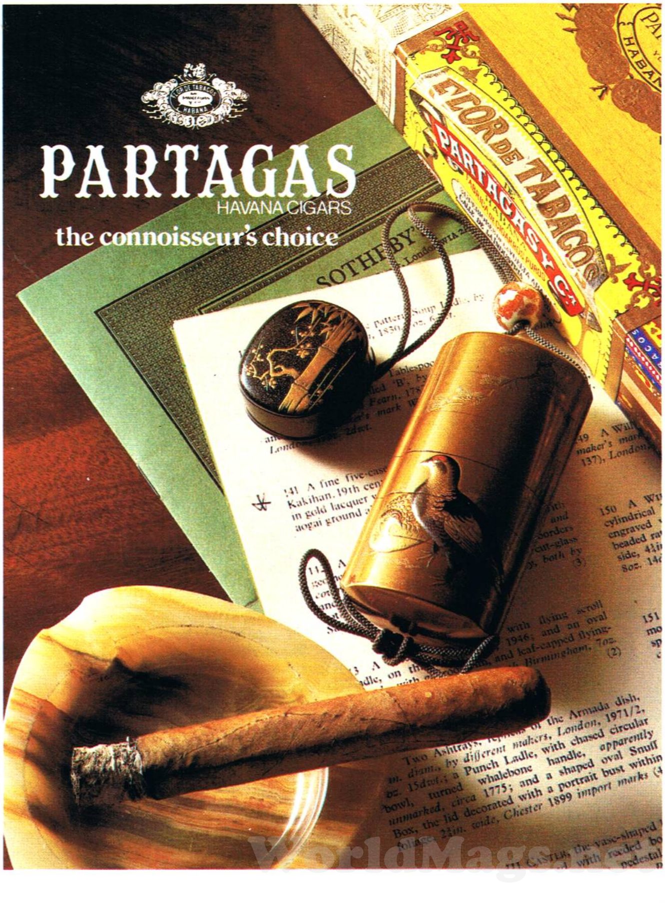

LETTERS

Phillip gave her everything:
a romantic dinner,
a gold ankle bracelet,
all his best lines,
and his bad breath.
Sorry Phil.

He should have remembered Double Amplex.

LETTERS

[illegible]

LETTERS

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would like to reinforce the view of R D of Shelford (Vol 13 No 9) that more novelty features such as the 'Photographer and the Balloon Smugglers' (Vol 13 No 6) are desirable.

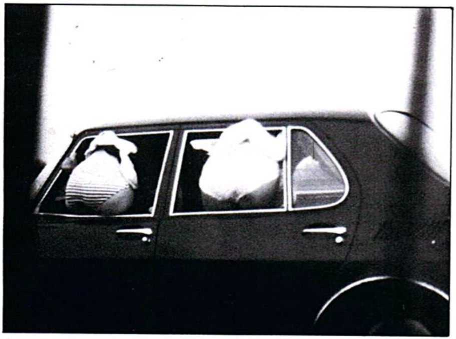
It would also be nice to see some girls with shaven pubes. Many other readers, I'm sure, would appreciate features of this type. A bare pubic mound is the most exciting thing imaginable.

J W, Glasgow

I really cannot sit back and allow James Foreman (Vol 13 No 7) and Robert Croft (Vol 13 No 9) to get away with it. Mr Foreman disliked black bushes on girls, and Mr Croft took the opposite view.

It must be quite obvious from the enormous number of women who dye their hair that most men go for red hair. The great red-haired, green-eyed goddess of history and fiction is just that – a goddess – whom everyone can worship. Regrettably, such natural beauties are few and far between, but then all really precious and beautiful things are rare and perhaps this is why we appreciate them more.

R W W, Jersey



Has anyone else encountered the M3 bottom cruisers? I was driving into London one recent Saturday and approaching junction three, I noticed a darkish saloon car draw up alongside in the middle lane. As I glanced out the side window I was greeted by the sight of two female bottoms leaning out the windows of the other car. I believe the girls probably had jeans or trousers on and just dropped them to give a bum steer to other drivers.

C C, Alton, Hants

The M3 is a bum motorway. Not that it's cracking-up or anything, but recently I was driving back to London, travelling in the inside lane, when I was overtaken by a car, leaning out of which could be seen protruding two female posteriors. I know no one will believe me, but it was true.

Brian James, Kingston, Surrey

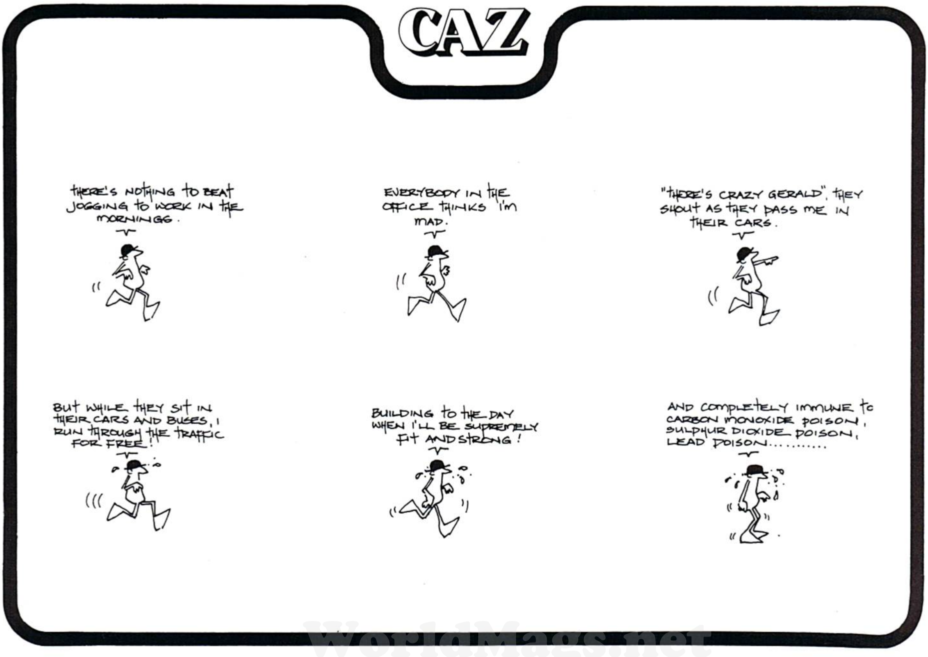
I think you may be interested in the photo (*left*) which I took on the M3 a short while ago. Briefly, I was in a passenger car travelling northwards, when I was overtaken by this particular vehicle with three young ladies' bottoms protruding! After a while we caught the car up and overtook them, beckoning them to repeat their performance. This two of them did, but I had the camera ready.

I can assure you that the photo is genuine as I've no doubt other users of the M3 could testify, one Sunday earlier this year.

A W P, Surbiton

Tail piece: We received several letters concerning the phantom knicker-flashers of the M3. If any other readers can get to the bottom of this matter, we would be glad to hear from them.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ


CAZ
THERE'S NOTHING TO BEAT JOGGING TO WORK IN THE MORNINGGS.
EVERYBODY IN THE OFFICE THINKS I'M MAD.
"THERE'S CRAZY GERALD", THEY SHOUT AS THEY PASS ME IN THEIR CARS.
BUT WHILE THEY SIT IN THEIR CARS AND BUSES, I RUN THROUGH THE TRAFFIC FOR FREE!
BUILDING TO THE DAY WHEN I'LL BE SUPREMELY FIT AND STRONG!
AND COMPLETELY IMMUNE TO CARBON MONOXIDE POISON, SULPHUR DIOXIDE POISON, LEAD POISON..........

CARRIE